

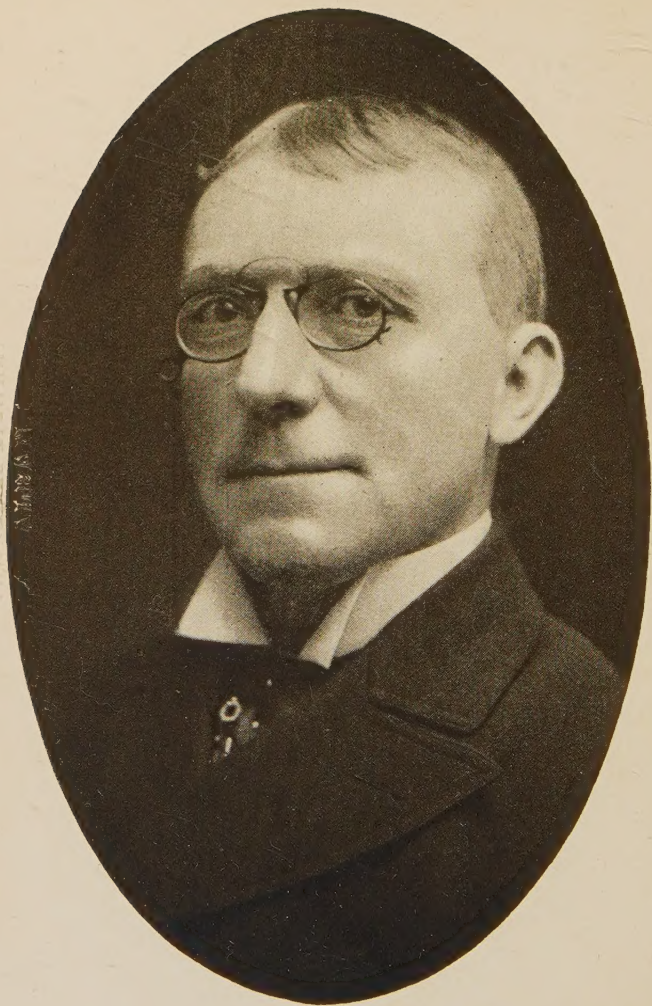
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THE POETRY OF  
AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR







JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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# Poetry of American Wit and Humor

Frederick L. Knowles

Selected by

R. L. Paget *pseud.*

*Editor of "Poems of American Patriotism," etc.*

13785

## Illustrated



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## PREFACE.

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AMERICAN humorous poetry scarcely existed before Holmes and Saxe. In their hands it became a highly polished and, in its way, most effective literary instrument. Their witty verse, however, like the contemporary American prose humor, represented by the school of Irving, might easily have been written, for the most part, in the mother country. There is the same sprightly metre, the same fondness for puns, the same spirit of geniality and good breeding that one finds, for example, in Tom Hood. Saxe even sings of shillings and pence and half-crowns, and places his Ghost-player on the boards of Drury Lane.

But a new school of prose humorists, represented by Twain and Artemus Ward, was accompanied or immediately followed by a corresponding school of humorous poets whose work smacked strongly of the native soil. "The Biglow Papers" of Lowell, and

## PREFACE.

the California ballads of Bret Harte stood for a type of humor worlds removed from that which was dominant a century earlier. Its success and point was not dependent on pun and epigram and metrical polish, but rather on its homely truth to fact in the depiction of novel though perfectly real conditions of American life. The most original type of our subsequent humorous poetry has been of similar character. We have become aware that there is no necessity for torturing language into fantastic shapes, for resorting to the conventional devices of European humorists. There is a surplus of irresistible fun in the present conditions of our great, multiform people, and when Riley gives us the Hoosier, Foss the Yankee farmer, Irwin Russell the negro, Leland and Follen Adams the German-American, the whole world laughs not at us, but with us.

The editor regrets that the conservatism of their publishers has limited the selections from Harte, Field, Bunner, Saxe, and one or two others to the small number included. Yet these limitations are not to be viewed wholly in the light of a disadvantage. If a number of favorite poems are excluded, this only leaves room for a larger representation from sources less well-known but perhaps quite as meritorious. Looked at, indeed, from the reader's point of view rather than from that of the editor who has a pride in making his collection representative, there is a

## PREFACE.

very distinct gain in having hackneyed selections replaced by those which present the fresher interest of unfamiliarity.

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# THE POETRY OF AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

---

## *Plain Language from Truthful James.*

WHICH I wish to remark —  
And my language is plain —  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinees is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,  
And I shall not deny  
In regard to the same  
What that name might imply ;  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It was August the third,  
And quite soft was the skies;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand;  
It was euchre — the same  
He did not understand;  
But he smiled as he sat at the table  
With the smile that was childlike and bland

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chineese,  
And the points that he made  
Were quite frightful to see,  
Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me ;  
And he rose with a sigh,  
And said, " Can this be ?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor ; "  
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding  
In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four packs,  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts ;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers — that's wax.

Which is why I remark —  
And my language is plain —  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

BRET HARTE.

**Der Oak und Der Vine.<sup>1</sup>**

I DON'D vas preaching voman's righdts,  
 Or anyding like dot,  
 Und I likes to see all beoples  
     Shust gondented mit dheir lot;  
 Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap  
     Dot made dis leedle shoke;  
 "A voman vas der glinging vine,  
     Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;  
     Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,  
 I find me oudt dot man himself  
     Vas peen der glinging vine;  
 Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,  
     Und he vas shust "tead proke,"  
 Dot's ven der voman shteps righdt in,  
     Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts  
     Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"  
 All planted roundt ubon der seats —  
     Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!

<sup>1</sup> From "Dialect Poems," copyright, 1888, by Harper & Brothers

## DER OAK UND DER VINE.

Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,  
Mit glothes oudt on der lines ;  
Which vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,  
Und which der glinging vines ?

Vhen Sickness in der householdt comes,  
Und veeks und veeks he shtays,  
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,  
Dhose veary nighdts und days ?  
Who beace und gomfort alwais prings,  
Und cools dot fefered prow ?  
More like id vas der tender vine  
Dot oak he glings to, now.

“ Man vants budt leedle here below,”  
Der boet von time said ;  
Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,  
I dink id means, inshted ;  
Und ven der years keep rolling on,  
Dheir cares und droubles pringing,  
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,  
Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,  
Und don'd so shturdy peen,  
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance  
To helb run Life's masheen.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,  
In calm or shtormy veddher,  
'Twas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines  
Should always gling togeddher.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

## THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

### Theology in the Quarters.

*Century Magazine.*

NOW, I's got a notion in my head dat when you  
come to die,

An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,  
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's  
gwine to ax

When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to  
de fac's;

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's  
in de night,

An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you  
a sight!

Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',  
When he chats you 'bout a chicken scrape dat hap-  
pened long ago!

De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way  
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin'  
what you say;

No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's  
gwine,

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR

Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de  
line;  
And of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an'  
laugh,  
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden tele-  
graph;  
Den de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,  
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de  
slate!

Den you better do your duty well an' keep your con-  
science clear,  
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar  
you steer;  
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de  
lan',  
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on  
de stan';  
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk, an' answer  
mighty straight,  
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster  
gate!

JOHN ALFRED MACON.

"'SPÄCIALLY JIM."

"'Späcially Jim."

I WUS mighty good-lookin' when I wus young,  
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,  
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,  
'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,  
Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;  
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,  
'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,  
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!  
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,  
'Späcially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'  
(Späcially Jim!)  
I made up my mind I'd settle down  
An' take up with him.

So we wus married one Sunday in church,  
'Twas crowded full to the brim;  
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,  
'Späcially Jim.

BESSIE MORGAN.

Prior to Miss Belle's Appearance.

*"Rhymes of Childhood."*

WHAT makes you come *here* fer, Mister,  
So much to *our* house? — *Say?*  
Come to see our big sister! —  
An' Charley he says 'at you kissed her  
An' he ketched you, thuther day! —  
Didn' you, Charley? — But we p'omised Belle  
An' crossed our heart to never to tell —  
'Cause *she* gived us some o' them-er  
Chawk'lut-drops 'at you bringed to her!

Charley he's my little b'uther —  
An' we has a-mostest fun,  
Don't we, Charley? — Our Muther,  
Whenever we whips one-anuther,  
Tries to whip *us* — an' we *run* —  
Don't we, Charley? — An' nen, bime-by,  
Nen she gives us cake — an' pie —  
Don't she, Charley? — when we come in  
An' p'omise never to do it agin!

PRIOR TO MISS BELLE'S APPEARANCE.

*He's* named Charley. — I'm *Willie* —

An' I'm got the purtiest name!

But Uncle Bob *he* calls me "Billy" —

Don't he, Charley? — 'Nour filly

We named "Billy," the same

Ist like me! An' our Ma said

'At "Bob put foolishnuss into our head!" —

Didn' she, Charley? — An' *she* don't know

Much about *boys*! — 'Cause Bob said so!

Baby's a funniest feller!

Naint no hair on his head —

*Is* they, Charley? It's meller

Wite up there! An' ef Belle er

Us ask wuz *we* that way, Ma said, —

"Yes; an' yer *Pa's* head wuz soft as that,

An' it's that way yet!" — An' Pa grabs his hat

An' says, "Yes, childern, she's right about Pa —

'Cause that's the reason he married yer Ma!"

An' our Ma says 'at "Belle couldn'

Ketch nothin' at all but ist '*bows*!' "

An' *Pa* says 'at "you're soft as puddun!" —

An' *Uncle Bob* says "you're a good-un —

'Cause he can tell by yer nose!" —

Didn' he, Charley? An' when Belle'll play

In the poller on th' pianer, some day,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Bob makes up funny songs about you,  
Till she gits mad — like he wants her to !

Our sister *Fanny* she's '*leven*

Years old ! 'At's mucher 'an *I* —

Aint it, Charley ? . . . I'm seven ! —

But our sister Fanny's in *Heaven* !

Nere's where you go ef you die ! —

Don't you, Charley ? Nen you has *wings* —

*Ist like Fanny* ! — an' *purtiest things* ! —

Don't you, Charley ? An' nen you can *fly* —

Ist fly — an' *ever*'thing ! . . . Wisht *I'd* die !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

### *The Ballad of Charity.*

IT was in a pleasant deepô, sequestered from the  
rain,  
That many weary passengers were waitin' for the  
train;  
Piles of quite expensive baggage, many a gorgeous  
portmantô,  
Ivory-handled umberellas made a most touristic  
show.

Whereunto there came a person, very humble was  
his mien,  
Who took an observation of the interestin' scene;  
Closely scanned the umberellas, watched with joy the  
mighty trunks,  
And observed that all the people were securin' Pull-  
man bunks:

Who was followed shortly after by a most unhappy  
tramp,  
Upon whose features poverty had jounced her iron  
stamp;

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And to make a clear impression as bees sting you  
while they buzz,  
She had hit him rather harder than she generally does.  
For he was so awful ragged, and in parts so awful  
bare,  
That the folks were quite repulsed to behold him  
begging there;  
And instead of drawing currency from out their  
pocket-books,  
They drew themselves asunder with aversionary  
looks.

Sternly gazed the first newcomer on the unindulgent  
crowd,  
Then in tones which pierced the deepô he solilicussed  
aloud : —  
“ I hev trevelled o’er this cont’nent from Quebec to  
Bogotáw,  
But sech a set of scallawags as these I never saw.

“ Ye are wealthy, ye are gifted, ye have house and  
lands and rent,  
Yet unto a suff’rin’ mortal ye will not donate a cent;  
Ye expend your missionaries to the heathen and the  
Jew,  
But there isn’t any heathen that is half as small as  
you.

## THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

"Ye are lucky — ye hev cheque-books 'and deeposits  
in the bank,

And ye squanderate your money on the titled folks  
of rank;

The onyx and the sardonyx upon your garments  
shine,

An' ye drink at every dinner p'r'aps a dollar's wuth  
of wine.

"Ye are goin' for the summer to the islands by the  
sea,

Where it costs four dollars daily — setch is not for  
setch as me;

Iv'ry-handled umberellers do not come into my  
plan,

But I kin give a dollar to this suff'rin' fellow-man.

"Hand-bags made of Rooshy leather are not truly at  
my call,

Yet in the eyes of Mussy I am richer 'en you all,

For I kin give a dollar wher' you dare not stand a  
dime,

And never miss it nother, nor regret it ary time."

Sayin' this he drew a wallet from the inner of his  
vest,

And gave the tramp a daddy, which it was his level  
best;

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Other people havin' heard him soon to charity  
inclined —

One giver soon makes twenty if you only get their  
wind.

The first who gave the dollar led the other one  
about,

And at every contribution he a-raised a joyful shout,  
Exclaimin' how 'twas noble to relieveate distress,  
And remarkin' that our duty is our present happiness.

Thirty dollars altogether were collected by the  
tramp,

When he bid 'em all good evenin' and went out into  
the damp,

And was followed briefly after by the one who made  
the speech,

And who showed by good example how to practise  
as to preach.

Which soon around the corner the couple quickly  
met,

And the tramp produced the specie for to liquidate  
his debt;

And the man who did the preachin' took his twenty  
of the sum,

Which you see that out of thirty left a tenner for the  
bum.

## THE BALLAD OF CHARITY.

And the couple passed the summer at Bar Harbor  
with the rest,

Greatly changed in their appearance and most elegantly dressed.

Any fowl with change of feathers may a brilliant  
bird become :

Oh, how hard is life for many ! oh, how sweet it is  
for some !

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

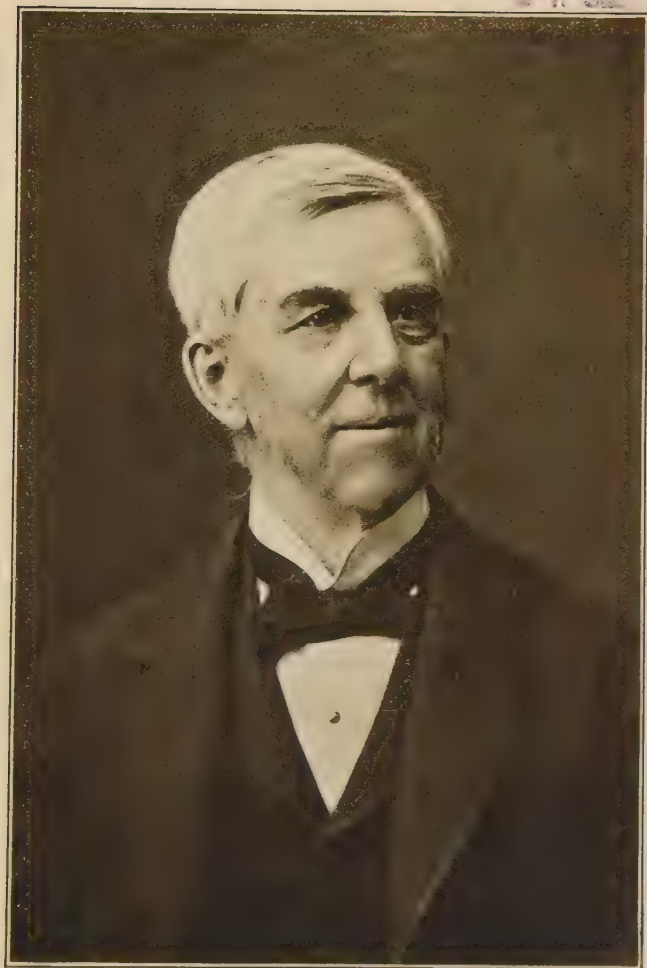
*The Music-grinders.*

THERE are three ways in which  
men take

One's money from his purse,  
And very hard it is to tell  
Which of the three is worse ;  
But all of them are bad enough  
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,  
And counting up your gains ;  
A fellow jumps from out a bush  
And takes your horse's reins,  
Another hints some words about  
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends  
In such a lonely spot ;  
It's very hard to lose your cash,  
But harder to be shot ;  
And so you take your wallet out,  
Though you would rather not.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



## THE MUSIC - GRINDERS.

Perhaps you're going out to dine, —  
Some odious creature begs  
You'll hear about the cannon-ball  
That carried off his pegs,  
And says it is a dreadful thing  
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
His children to be fed,  
Poor little, lovely innocents,  
All clamorous for bread, —  
And so you kindly help to put  
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat  
Beneath a cloudless moon;  
You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
The semblance of a tune,  
As if a broken fife should strive  
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,  
There's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum;  
You sit, in speechless agony,  
Until your ear is numb.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Poor "home, sweet home," should seem  
to be

A very dismal place ;  
Your "auld acquaintance," all at once,  
Is altered in the face ;  
Their discords sting through Burns and  
Moore,  
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound ;  
It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —  
A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves  
A fracture in your jaw,  
And pay the owner of the bear,  
That stunned you with his paw,

## THE MUSIC - GRINDERS.

And buy the lobster, that has had  
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,  
Put on your fiercest frown,  
And talk about a constable  
To turn them out of town ;  
Then close your sentence with an oath,  
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,  
Not big enough for that,  
Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
Because you are a flat,  
Go very quietly and drop  
A button in the hat !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### Irish Astronomy.

A Veritable Myth, Touching the Constellation of O'Ryan, ignorantly and falsely spelled Orion. From the Poetical Works of C. G. Halpine, published by Harper & Brothers.

O'RYAN was a man of might  
Whin Ireland was a nation,  
But poachin' was his heart's delight  
And constant occupation.  
He had an ould militia gun,  
And sartin sure his aim was;  
He gave the keepers many a run,  
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by  
O'Ryan's little houldin',  
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,  
He thought he'd enther bould in.  
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!  
To praich at Thurles I'm goin';  
So let me have a rasher quick,  
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you  
While betther is to spare, sir,

## IRISH ASTRONOMY.

But here's a jug of mountain dew,  
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."  
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,  
And says he, "Good luck attind you,  
And when you're in your windin' sheet,  
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff, —  
"Them tidin's is thransportin',  
But may I ax your saintship if  
There's any kind of sportin'?"  
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,  
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer" —  
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;  
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,  
For fear I'd tire your patience,  
You'll see O'Ryan any night  
Amid the constellations.  
And Venus follows in his track  
Till Mars grows jealous raally,  
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack  
Of handling the shillaly.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

*Applied Astronomy.*

*Century Magazine*, March, 1887.

HE took me out to see the stars,  
That astronomic bore ;  
He said there were two moons near Mars,  
While Jupiter had four.

I thought of course he'd whisper soon  
What fourfold bliss 'twould be  
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon  
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,  
I was convinced he'd say  
That was the very kind of thing  
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went  
To double stars. Now that  
Was most suggestive, so content  
And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,  
Of which the only fraction

APPLIED ASTRONOMY.

That caught my fancy, I confess,  
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer  
And stupid altogether,  
For stars to keep so very near,  
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head;  
I thought he'd caught the notion.  
He merely bowed good-night and said,  
Their safety lay in motion.

ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

## What's in a Name?

*Century Magazine.*

IN letters large upon the frame,  
That visitors might see,  
The painter placed his humble name :  
*O'Callaghan McGee.*

And from Beersheba unto Dan,  
The critics with a nod  
Exclaimed : " This painting Irishman  
Adores his native sod.

" His stout heart's patriotic flame  
There's naught on earth can quell ;  
He takes no wild romantic name  
To make his pictures sell ! "

Then poets praised in sonnets neat  
His stroke so bold and free ;  
No parlor wall was thought complete  
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee  
Threw lavishly their gold ;

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

His works in the Academy  
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"  
His "When the Morning Smiled,"  
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"  
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day  
And lauded as divine.

. . . . .

That night as in his *atalier*  
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,  
He grinned from ear to ear :

"They little think my *real* name's  
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

*The Owl-critic.*

“WHO stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke in  
the shop,  
The barber was busy, and he couldn’t stop ;  
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading  
The “ Daily,” the “ Herald,” the “ Post,” little heeding  
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question ;  
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion ;  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Don’t you see, Mr. Brown,”  
Cried the youth, with a frown,  
“ How wrong the whole thing is,  
How preposterous each wing is,  
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the  
neck is —  
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’tis !  
I make no apology ;  
I’ve learned owl-eology.  
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,  
And cannot be blinded to any deflections  
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail  
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.

## THE OWL-CRITIC.

Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !  
Do take that bird down,  
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town ! ”  
And the barber kept on shaving.

“ I’ve *studied* owls,  
And other night fowls,  
And I tell you  
What I know to be true ;  
An owl cannot roost  
With his limbs so unloosed ;  
No owl in this world  
Ever had his claws curled,  
Ever had his legs slanted,  
Ever had his bill canted,  
Ever had his neck screwed  
Into that attitude.  
He can’t *do* it, because  
’Tis against all bird-laws.  
Anatomy teaches,  
Ornithology preaches  
An owl has a toe  
That *can’t* turn out so !  
I’ve made the white owl my study for years,  
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !  
Mister Brown, I’m amazed  
You should be so gone crazed

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

As to put up a bird  
In that posture absurd !  
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;  
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his business ! ”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Examine those eyes.  
I'm filled with surprise  
Taxidermists should pass  
Off on you such poor glass ;  
So unnatural they seem  
They'd make Audubon scream,  
And John Burroughs laugh  
To encounter such chaff.  
Do take that bird down ;  
Have him stuffed again, Brown ! ”

And the barber kept on shaving.

“ With some sawdust and bark  
I could stuff in the dark  
An owl better than that.  
I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl  
Than that horrid fowl,  
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.  
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather.”

## THE OWL - CRITIC.

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,  
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic  
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,  
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :  
" Your learning's at fault *this* time, anyway ;  
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
I'm an owl ; you're another. Sir Critic, good day !"  
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

Prehistoric Smith.

QUATERNARY EPOCH — POST-PLIOCENE PERIOD.

A MAN sat on a rock and sought  
Refreshment from his thumb;  
A dinotherium wandered by  
And scared him some.

His name was Smith. The kind of rock  
He sat upon was shale.  
One feature quite distinguished him —  
He had a tail.

The danger past, he fell into  
A revery austere;  
While with his tail he whisked a fly  
From off his ear.

"Mankind deteriorates," he said,  
"Grows weak and incomplete;  
And each new generation seems  
Yet more effete.

"Nature abhors imperfect work,  
And on it lays her ban;

## PREHISTORIC SMITH.

And all creation must despise  
A tailless man.

“ But fashion’s dictates rule supreme,  
Ignoring common sense ;  
And fashion says, to dock your tail  
Is just immense.

“ And children now come in the world  
With half a tail or less ;  
Too stumpy to convey a thought,  
And meaningless.

“ It kills expression. How can one  
Set forth, in words that drag,  
The best emotions of the soul,  
Without a wag? ”

Sadly he mused upon the world,  
Its follies and its woes ;  
Then wiped the moisture from his eyes,  
And blew his nose.

But clothed in earrings, Mrs. Smith  
Came wandering down the dale ;  
And, smiling, Mr. Smith arose,  
And wagged his tail.

DAVID LAW PROUDFIT.

*The Ahkoond of Swat.*

"The Ahkoond of Swat is dead." — London Papers of Jan. 22, 1878.

WHAT, what, what,  
What's the news from Swat?  
Sad news,  
Bad news,  
Comes by the cable led  
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red  
Sea and the Med-  
iterranean — he's dead;  
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern,  
But he Ahkoodn't.  
Dead, dead, dead:  
(Sorrow, Swats!)  
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,  
Swats whom he hath often led  
Onward to a gory bed,  
Or to victory,

## THE AHKOOND OF SWAT.

As the case might be.  
Sorrow, Swats !  
Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water.  
Your great Ahkoond is dead !  
That Swats the matter !

Mourn, city of Swat,  
Your great Ahkoond is not  
But lain 'mid worms to rot.  
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught  
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)  
Up to the bosom of Mahound.  
Though earthy walls his frame surround  
(For ever hallowed be the ground !)  
And sceptics mock the lowly mound  
And say " He's now of no Ahkoond !"  
His soul is in the skies —  
The azure skies that bend above his loved  
Metropolis of Swat.  
He sees with larger, other eyes,  
Athwart all earthly mysteries —  
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
With a noise of mourning and of  
lamentation !

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
With the noise of the mourning of  
the Swattish nation !  
Fallen is at length  
Its tower of strength ;  
Its sun is dimmed ere it had  
nooned ;  
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,  
The great Ahkoond of Swat  
Is not !

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey.<sup>1</sup>

MISS Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,  
Has made three separate journeys to Paris ;  
And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)  
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,  
In one continuous round of shopping ; —  
Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather :  
For all manner of things that a woman can put  
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
In front or behind, above or below ;  
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;  
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;  
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;  
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;  
Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;

<sup>1</sup> From " Nothing to Wear."

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall, —  
All of them different in colour and pattern,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,  
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material  
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal:  
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,  
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,  
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;  
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store:  
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and  
swore,  
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer  
*Argo*  
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,  
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
Such particular interest that they invested  
Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,  
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as  
those;  
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian  
beauties,

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.  
Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,  
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
For an actual belle and a possible bride ;  
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods  
beside,  
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,  
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed  
since the day  
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broad-  
way,  
This same Miss M'Flimsey of Madison Square,  
The last time we met, was in utter despair,  
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !

NOTHING TO WEAR ! Now, as this is a true ditty,  
I do not assert — this you know is between us —  
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
Like Powers's Greek Slave or the Medici Venus ;  
But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,  
When at the same moment she had on a dress  
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,  
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,  
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear !

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affec-  
tions,"

And that rather decayed but well-known work of art,  
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."  
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted  
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or  
grove:

But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,  
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love —  
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,  
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions;  
It was one of the quietest business transactions,  
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,  
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.  
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,  
And flirt when I like, — now stop, don't you speak, —  
And you must not come here more than twice in a  
week,  
Or talk to me either at party or ball;

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

But always be ready to come when I call :  
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff, —  
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough  
For that sort of thing ; but the bargain must be,  
That as long as I choose I am perfectly free :  
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey, and  
gained her,  
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained  
her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder  
At least in the property, and the best right  
To appear as its escort by day and by night ;  
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball, —  
Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,  
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe, —

I considered it only my duty to call

And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her — as ladies are apt to be found  
When the time intervening between the first sound  
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
Than usual — I found — I won't say I caught — her  
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
She turned as I entered — " Why, Harry, you sinner,

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"  
"So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed,

And digested, I trust; for 'tis now nine and more:  
So being relieved from that duty, I followed

Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.  
And now will your Ladyship so condescend  
As just to inform me if you intend

Your beauty and graces and presence to lend  
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)  
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-  
morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon-*  
*cher*,

I should like above all things to go with you there;  
But really and truly — I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear? Go just as you are:  
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
I engage, the most bright and particular star  
On the Stuckup horizon —" I stopped, for her eye,  
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,  
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"  
So I ventured again — "Wear your crimson bro-  
cade."

(Second turn-up of nose) — "That's too dark by a  
shade." —

"Your blue silk —" "That's too heavy." — "Your  
pink —" "That's too light." —

"Wear tulle over satin." "I can't endure white." —

"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch —"

"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match." —

"Your brown moire-antique —" "Yes, and look like  
a Quaker." —

"The pearl-colored —" "I would, but that plaguy  
dressmaker

Has had it a week." — "Then that exquisite lilac,  
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."

(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation." —

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could  
strike it

As more *comme il faut* —" "Yes, but, dear me, that  
lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it;  
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen." —  
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine,  
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine — ”

“ Not one of all which is fit to be seen,”

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

“ Then wear,” I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, “ that gorgeous toilette which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation ;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted.”

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

“ I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up ! ”

Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash —

Quite innocent though ; but to use an expression

More striking than classic, it “ settled my hash,”

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

“ Fiddlesticks, is it, sir ? I wonder the ceiling

Doesn't fall down and crush you ! — oh, you men have no feeling.

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,

Your silly pretence — why, what a mere guess it is !

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities ?

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,  
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,  
But you do not believe me " (here the nose went still  
higher):

"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.  
Our engagement is ended, sir — yes, on the spot;  
You're a brute, and a monster, and — I don't know  
what."

I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,  
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,  
As gentle expletives which might give relief:  
But this only proved as spark to the powder,  
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;  
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and  
hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite  
failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears  
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;  
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-  
ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too,  
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say:  
Then, without going through the form of a bow,

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Found myself in the entry, — I hardly knew how, —  
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,  
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair ;

    Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar, —  
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

    Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,  
On the whole do you think he would have much to  
    spare

If he married a woman with nothing to wear ?

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

## THE ELF-CHILD.

### *The Elf-child.*

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to  
    stay,  
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the  
    crumbs away  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the  
    hearth an' sweep  
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her  
    board an' keep ;  
An' all us other children, when the supper things is  
    done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest  
    fun  
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you  
    Ef you  
        Don't  
            Watch  
                Out !

Onc't they was a little boy who wouldn't say his  
    prayers —  
An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd  
him bawl,  
An' when they turn't the kivvers down he wasn't there  
at all !  
An' they seeked him in the rafter room an' cubby-  
hole an' press,  
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywhere,  
I guess,  
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-  
about ! —  
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out !

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,  
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an'  
kin,  
An' onc't when they was "company" an' old folks  
was there,  
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't  
care ;  
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run  
an' hide,  
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by  
her side,

## THE ELF-CHILD.

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she  
knowed what she's about !

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is  
blue,

An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes  
woo-oo !

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched  
away—

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an'  
dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's  
tear

An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all  
about,

Er the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

**Ede's Daughter.**

I WAITED in the little sunny room :  
The cool breeze waved the window-lace, at  
play,  
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,  
And out upon the bay  
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.  
“Such an old friend,—she would not make me  
stay  
While she bound up her hair.” I turned, and lo,  
Danaë in her shower ! and fit to slay  
All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow :  
Gold hair, that streamed away  
As round some nymph a sunlit fountain's flow.  
“She would not make me wait !”—but well I  
know  
She took a good half-hour to loose and lay  
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so !

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

## LITTLE BROWN BABY.

### *Little Brown Baby.*<sup>1</sup>

LITTLE brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,  
Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.  
What you been doin', suh — makin' san' pies?  
Look at dat bib — you's ez du'ty ez me.  
Look at dat mouf — dat's merlasses, I bet;  
Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.  
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,  
Bein' so sticky an' sweet — goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,  
Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?  
Who is it all de day nevah once tries  
Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?  
Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!  
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?  
Pappy do' know yo — I b'lieves you's a tramp;  
Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him ouden de do' in de san',  
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, publishers of "Lyrics of the Hearthside," copyrighted 1899.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man ;  
I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.  
Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',  
Hyeah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.  
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo',  
Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet !

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.  
Go back, ol' buggah, you sha'n't have dis boy.  
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se ;  
He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.  
Come to you' pallet now — go to yo' res' ;  
Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies ;  
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas' —  
Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes !

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

## HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

### Hans Breitmann's Party.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;  
Dey had biano-blayin':  
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,  
Her name was Madilda Yane.  
She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
Und ven dey looket indo mine,  
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty :  
I vent dere, you'll pe pound.  
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane  
Und vent shpinnen round und round.  
De pootiest Fräulein in de house,  
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp  
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty :  
I dells you it cost him dear.  
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks  
Of foost-rate Lager Beer,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in  
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.  
I dinks dat so vine a barty  
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty :  
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse ;  
Ven de sooper comed in, de gompany  
Did make demselfs to house.  
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,  
De Bratwurst and Braten fine,  
Und vash der Abendessen down  
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty.  
We all cot troonk ash bigs.  
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,  
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.  
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane  
Und she shlog me on de kop,  
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks  
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —  
Where ish dat barty now !  
Where ish de lofely golden cloud  
Dat float on de moundain's prow ?

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —  
De shtar of de shpirit's light?  
All gonéd afay mit de Lager Beer —  
Afay in de ewigkeit!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

**Chorus of Anglomaniacs.<sup>1</sup>**

**I**T is positively false to call us frantic,  
For the soundness of our mental state is sure,  
Yet we look upon this side of the Atlantic  
As a tract of earth unpleasant to endure.

We consider dear old England as the fountain  
Of all institutions reputably sane;  
We abominate and loathe a Rocky Mountain;  
We regard a rolling prairie with disdain.

We assiduously imitate the polish  
That we notice round the English nabob hang,  
We unfailingly endeavor to abolish  
From our voices any trace of nasal twang.

Every patriotic duty we leave undone,  
With aversion such as Hebrews hold for pork,  
Since we venerate the very name of London  
In proportion to our hatred of New York.

No entreaty could in any manner soften  
Our contempt for native tailors when we dress;

<sup>1</sup> From "The Buntling Ball."

## CHORUS OF ANGLOMANIACS.

If we bet, we "lay a guinea," rather often,  
And we always say "I farncy" for "I guess."

We esteem the Revolution as illegal ;  
If you mention Bunker Hill to us, we sigh ;  
We particularly execrate an eagle,  
And we languish on the fourth day of July.

We are not prepared in any foolish manner  
The vulgarities of Uncle Sam to screen ;  
We dislike to hear that dull "Star-Spangled  
Banner,"  
But we thoroughly respect "God Save the  
Queen."

We revere the Prince of Wales, though he  
should prick us  
With a sneer at the republic we obey !  
We would rather let his Royal Highness kick us  
Than have been the bosom-friend of Henry  
Clay !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

**“Vas Marriage a Failure?”**

VAS marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends  
Altogeddher on how you look at it, mine friends.  
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der  
races,

It depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;  
Eef dhey don't pool togeddher right off at der shtart,  
Ten times oudt off nine dhey was bedder apart.

Vas marriage a failure? Der vote vas in doubt;  
Dhose dot's oudt would be in, dhose dot's in would  
be oudt;

Der man mit oxberience, goot looks und dash,  
Gets a vife mit some fife hundord dousand in cash;  
Budt, after der honeymoon, vhere vas der honey?  
She haf der oxberience — he haf der money.

Vas marriage a failure? Eef dot vas der case,  
Vot vas to pecome off der whole human race?  
Vot you dink dot der oldt “Pilgrim faders” would  
say,

Dot came in der Sunflower to oldt Plymouth bay,  
To see der fine coundtry dis peoples haf got,  
Und dhen hear dhem ask sooch conondhrums as dot?

## “VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?”

Vas marriage a failure? Shust go, ere you tell,  
To dot Bunker Mon Hillument, vhere Varren fell;  
Dink of Vashington, Franklin und “Honest Old  
Abe” —

Dhey vas all been aroundt since dot first Plymouth  
babe.

I vas only a Deutscher, budt I dells you vot!  
I pelief every dime, in such “failures” as dot.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,  
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.  
Dhen she say: “Meester Strauss, shust come here eff  
you blease,”

Und she dake me vhere Yawcob und little Loweeze  
By dhere shnug trundle-bed vas shust saying der  
prayer,

Und she say, mit a smile: “Vas dhere some failures  
dhere?”

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

*The Doorstep.*

THE conference-meeting through at last,  
We boys about the vestry waited  
To see the girls come tripping past  
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall  
By level musket-flashes litten,  
Than I, that stepped before them all  
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm !  
We let the old folks have the highway,  
And started toward the Maple Farm  
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,  
'Twas nothing worth a song or story ;  
Yet that rude path by which we sped  
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,  
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming ;  
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,  
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

W. T. Stead



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN



## THE DOORSTEP.

The little hand outside her muff —

O sculptor, if you could but mould it! —  
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,  
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone, —

'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.  
At last we reached the foot-worn stone  
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;  
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,  
We heard the voices nearer come,  
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood  
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,  
But yet I knew she understood  
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,  
The moon was slyly peeping through it,  
Yet hid its face, as if it said,  
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known  
The kiss of mother and of sister,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

But somehow, full upon her own  
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth, — I kissed her !

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,  
O listless woman, weary lover !  
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill  
I'd give — but who can live youth over ?

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

**Larks and Nightingales.**

ALONE I sit at eventide :  
The twilight glory pales,  
And o'er the meadows far and wide  
Chant pensive bobolinks.  
(One might say nightingales !)

Song-sparrows warble on the tree,  
I hear the purling brook,  
And from the old "manse o'er the lea"  
Flies slow the cawing crow.  
(In England 'twere a rook !)

The last faint golden beams of day  
Still glow on cottage panes,  
And on their lingering homeward way  
Walk weary laboring men.  
(Oh, would that we had swains !)

From farm-yards, down fair rural glades  
Come sounds of tinkling bells,  
And songs of merry brown milkmaids,  
Sweeter than oriole's.  
(Yes, thank you — Philomel's !)

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I could sit here till morning came,  
All through the night hours dark,  
Until I saw the sun's bright flame  
And heard the chickadee.  
(Alas! we have no lark!)

We have no leas, no larks, no rooks,  
No swains, no nightingales,  
No singing milkmaids (save in books):  
The poet does his best—  
It is the rhyme that fails!  
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

## THE PLEDGE AT SPUNKY POINT.

### *The Pledge at Spunky Point.*

A TALE OF EARNEST EFFORT AND HUMAN PERFDY.

I T'S all very well for preachin',  
But preachin' and practice don't gee :  
I've give the thing a fair trial,  
And you can't ring it in on me.  
So toddle along with your pledge, Squire,  
Ef that's what you want me to sign;  
Betwixt me and you, I've been thar,  
And I'll not take any in mine.

A year ago last Fo'th July  
A lot of the boys was here.  
We all got corned and signed the pledge  
For to drink no more that year.  
There was Tilman Joy and Sheriff McPhail  
And me and Abner Fry,  
And Shelby's boy Leviticus  
And the Golyers, Luke and Cy.

And we anteed up a hundred  
In the hands of Deacon Kedge,

For to be divided the follerin' Fo'th  
'Mongst the boys that kep' the pledge.  
And we knowed each other so well, Squire,  
You may take my scalp for a fool,  
Ef every man when he signed his name  
Didn't feel cock-sure of the pool.

Fur awhile it all went lovely ;  
We put up a job next day  
Fur to make Joy b'lieve his wife was dead,  
And he went home middlin' gay ;  
Then Abner Fry he killed a man  
And afore he was hung McPhail  
Jest bilked the widder ouden her sheer  
By getting him slewed in jail.

But Chris'mas scooped the Sheriff,  
The egg-nogs gethered him in ;  
And Shelby's boy Leviticus  
Was, New Year's, tight as sin ;  
And along in March the Golyers  
Got so drunk that a fresh-biled owl  
Would 'a' looked 'long-side o' them two young  
men,  
Like a sober temperance fowl.

Four months alone I walked the chalk,  
I thought my heart would break ;

## THE PLEDGE AT SPUNKY POINT.

And all them boys a-slappin' my back  
And axin', "What'll you take?"  
I never slep' without dreamin' dreams  
Of Burbin, Peach, or Rye,  
But I chawed at my niggerhead and swore  
I'd rake that pool or die.

At last — the Fo'th — I humped myself  
Through chores and breakfast soon,  
Then scooted down to Taggart's store —  
For the pledge was off at noon;  
And all the boys was gethered thar,  
And each man hilt his glass —  
Watchin' me and the clock quite solemn-like  
Fur to see the last minute pass.

The clock struck twelve! I raised the jug  
And took one lovin' pull —  
I was holler clar from skull to boots,  
It seemed I couldn't git full.  
But I was roused by a fiendish laugh  
That might have raised the dead —  
Them ornary sneaks had sot the clock  
A half an hour ahead!

"All right!" I squawked. "You've got me,  
Jest order your drinks agin,

And we'll paddle up to the Deacon's  
And scoop the ante in."  
But when we got to Kedge's,  
What a sight was that we saw!  
The Deacon and Parson Skeeters  
In the tail of a game of Draw.

They had shook 'em the heft of the mornin',  
The Parson's luck was fa'r,  
And he raked, the minute we got thar,  
The last of our pool on a pa'r.  
So toddle along with your pledge, Squire,  
I 'low it's all very fine,  
But ez fur myself, I thank ye,  
I'll not take any in mine.

JOHN HAY.

*The Smack in School.*

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's day,  
Was humming with its wonted noise  
Of threescore mingled girls and boys;  
Some few upon their tasks intent,  
But more on furtive mischief bent.  
The while the master's downward look  
Was fastened on a copy-book;  
When suddenly, behind his back,  
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!  
As 'twere a battery of bliss  
Let off in one tremendous kiss!  
"What's that?" the startled master cries;  
"That, thir," a little imp replies,  
"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,—  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"  
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came,—

A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
 The butt of all good-natured fun.  
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
 The thunderer faltered, — “I’m amazed  
 That you, my biggest pupil, should  
 Be guilty of an act so rude!  
 Before the whole set school to boot —  
 What evil genius put you to’t?”  
 “’Twas she herself, sir,” sobbed the lad,  
 “I did not mean to be so bad;  
 But when Susannah shook her curls,  
 And whispered, I was ’fraid of girls  
 And dursn’t kiss a baby’s doll,  
 I couldn’t stand it, sir, at all,  
 But up and kissed her on the spot!  
 I know — boo — hoo — I ought to not,  
 But, somehow, from her looks — boo — hoo —  
 I thought she kind o’ wished me too!”

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

## THE PATRIOTIC TOURIST.

### *The Patriotic Tourist.*

*Century Magazine.*

SOME folks the Old World find so fair,  
And fancy it so grand,  
They see its marvels everywhere  
About their native land.

When they the Hudson sail by day,  
While all its beauties shine,  
They most enthusiastic say :  
" Behold the Yankee Rhine ! "

As on Lake George they dream and drift,  
Enrapt at every turn,  
'Tis thus their voices up they lift :  
" America's Lake Lucerne ! "

At Saranac sublimely frown  
The Alps their travels know,  
And then they breathe in Morristown  
The air of Monaco.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Forsooth it's not the same with me,  
For, from an Alpine gorge,  
I view Lucerne, and sing in glee :  
“ 'Tis Switzerland's Lake George ! ”

When off Sorento, in a boat,  
I drift, serene and gay,  
I fancy, in a dream, I float  
On great Peconic Bay.

When in the Scottish Highlands, I  
Upon the heather bunk,  
I look about and fondly sigh  
O'er Caledon's Mauch Chunk.

In London town, *all* smoke and fog,  
I wander happy, when  
I fancy that I gaily jog  
Around in Pittsburgh, Penn.

The Rhine is Europe's Hudson long,  
The Alps the Swiss Catskills ;  
Lake Como is the Ho-pat-cong  
Of the Italian hills.

## THE PATRIOTIC TOURIST.

I see, from Dan to Jericho,  
From Berne to Ispahan,  
Wonders that imitate, I know,  
Our own as best they can.

And I shall cheer, until I cease  
To tread this earthly way,  
Sky high in classic Athens, Greece,  
Manunka Chunk, N. J.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

*The Romance of the Carpet.*

BASKING in peace in the warm spring sun,  
South Hill smiled upon Burlington.

The breath of May ! and the day was fair,  
And the bright motes danced in the balmy air.

And the sunlight gleamed where the restless breeze  
Kissed the fragrant blooms on the apple-trees.

His beardless cheek with a smile was spanned,  
As he stood with a carriage whip in his hand.

And he laughed as he doffed his bobtail coat,  
And the echoing folds of the carpet smote.

And she smiled as she leaned on her busy mop,  
And said she'd tell him when to stop.

So he pounded away till the dinner-bell  
Gave him a little breathing spell.

But he sighed when the kitchen clock struck one,  
And she said the carpet wasn't done.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

But he lovingly put in his biggest licks,  
And he pounded like mad till the clock struck six.

And she said, in a dubious sort of way,  
That she guessed he could finish it up next day.

Then all that day, and the next day, too  
That fuzz from the dirtless carpet flew.

And she'd give it a look at eventide,  
And say, "Now beat on the other side."

And the new days came as the old days went,  
And the landlord came for his regular rent.

And the neighbors laughed at the tireless broom,  
And his face was shadowed with clouds of gloom.

Till at last, one cheerless winter day,  
He kicked at the carpet and slid away.

Over the fence and down the street,  
Speeding away with footsteps fleet.

And never again the morning sun  
Smiled on him beating his carpet-drum.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And South Hill often said with a yawn,  
"Where's the carpet-martyr gone?"

Years twice twenty had come and passed  
And the carpet swayed in the autumn blast.

For never yet, since that bright spring-time,  
Had it ever been taken down from the line.

Over the fence a gray-haired man  
Cautiously clim, clome, clem, clum, clamb.

He found him a stick in the old woodpile,  
And he gathered it up with a sad, grim smile.

A flush passed over his face forlorn  
As he gazed at the carpet, tattered and torn.

And he hit it a most resounding thwack,  
Till the startled air gave his echoes back.

And out of the window a white face leaned,  
And a palsied hand the pale face screened.

She knew his face; she gasped, and sighed,  
"A little more on the other side."

## THE ROMANCE OF THE CARPET.

Right down on the ground his stick he throwed,  
And he shivered and said, " Well, I am blowed ! "

And he turned away, with a heart full sore,  
And he never was seen not more, not more.

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

*A Sermon for the Sisters.*

I NEBBER breaks a colt afore he's old enough to trabbel;

I nebber digs my taters tell dey plenty big to grabble.  
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify in meetin',  
I's fust clumb up de knowledge-tree an' done some  
apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud o' whut dey wearin':

It's well you isn't apples, now, you better be declarin'!  
Fur when ye heerd yo' markit-price, 't'd hurt yo'  
little feelin's:

You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, fur all yo' fancy  
peelin's.

O sistahs! — leetle apples (fur you're r'ally mighty  
like 'em) —

I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough its suldom I kin  
strike 'em;

An' so I lubs you, sistahs, fur yo' grace an' not yo'  
graces —

I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it  
tas'es.

## A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

Is dey a Sabbaf-scholar heah? Den let him 'form  
his mudder  
How Jacob-in-de-Bible's boys played off upon dey  
brudder!  
Dey sol' him to a trader — an' at las' he struck de  
prison;  
Dat comed ob Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat  
ob his'n.

My Christian frien's, dis story proobs dat eben men  
is human —  
He'd had a dozen fancy coats, ef he'd 'a' been a  
'ooman!  
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out all about  
it;  
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ever  
shouted.

It l'arned him! An' I bet you when he come to git  
his riches  
Dey didn't go fur stylish coats or Philadelphy  
breeches;  
He didn't was'e his money when experunce taught  
him better,  
But went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' fur a  
letter!

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say, won't you  
take a lesson,  
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy  
dressin' ?  
How much you spen' upon yo'self ! I wish you might  
remember  
Yo' preacher ain't been paid a cent sence somewhar  
in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's kinder  
hittin'  
A-whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near whar dey's  
a-sittin';  
To look at dem, an' listen at dey onrespec'ful jabber,  
It turns de milk ob human kin'ness mighty nigh to  
clabber !

*A-a-a-men !*

IRWIN RUSSELL.

## THE NEW DOCTOR.

### *The New Doctor.*

THROUGH the "Philadelphia" college he went  
in a week,

He had lots of assurance — in other words, cheek,  
And his manner of study was rather unique.

Yet the fact is,

After hearing the regular lectures, which stuck  
To his mind like the rain on the back of a duck,  
He got a diploma and instantly struck

For a practice.

A neighborhood clear in the rear of the age,  
Where a man was accepted at once as a sage  
Who could show a diploma, he chose as his stage  
Of endeavor.

And soon an old farmer, with plethoric purse,  
Who had long been afflicted, but now had grown  
worse,

Was able to take a short ride — in a hearse,  
Cured forever.

But he didn't go there, as he moodily said,  
To cure hopeless cases and raise up the dead.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And he left for the side of an invalid's bed  
Who was ailing  
With pains in the back, and he gave him six pills  
Intended for patients with ague or chills,  
And the folks who resided just over the hills  
Heard him wailing !

But, as fully two-thirds of the patients who call  
On the doctor would mend with no doctor at all,  
Our hero made friends 'mong the great and the  
small  
And the wealthy.

And, learning the whims of the class who suppose  
That there's health in the touch of a doctor's old  
clothes,  
And who swallow some drugs if they bleed at the  
nose,  
Kept them healthy.

PARMENAS MIX.

*The Latest Version.*

WHEN Washington was young, and not  
As yet his country's sire and saviour,  
An Ax for him his father bought,  
Reward of excellent behaviour.

Well loving what he drank and ate,  
That father, in a corner handy,  
A row of Cherry Trees had set,  
Suggesting Jam and Pie and Brandy.

Armed with his little Tomahawk,  
George to that orchard forth did sally,  
And root and branch and leaf and stalk  
He mutilated generally.

His father, wild, though not with joy,  
To see his darling fruit-trees wither,  
Crooked his forefinger at his boy,  
And said to him, "Sirrah, come hither!"

Straightway to him the urchin hied,  
And, through the orchard as he ran, "Sir,

Axe me no questions," loudly cried,  
" And I will make no lying answer."

His father led him by the ear  
To view his desolation's traces ;  
" Now, George," he said, in tones severe,  
" Who's chopped that Cherry tree to blazes ? "

The boy an instant looks around,  
And at that very moment hies ac-  
Ross that meteory-haunted ground  
The negro gardener, Ike or Isaac.

Brief space was his for thought ; he saw,  
Unless he fibbed, he'd surely catch it ;  
" I cannot tell a lie, papa !  
Ike cut it with my little Hatchet ! "

" My dear, dear child, come to my knees —  
For I had infinitely rather  
You lied like ten Tom Ochiltrees  
Than spoiled them cherries," cried his father.

He placed the boy across his lap,  
Nor thence did let him rise before he  
Had an appeal, with leathern strap,  
Made to his *a posteriori*.

THE LATEST VERSION.

And so when George was President,  
And first in peace, and first in war, he,  
Remembering this incident,  
Lied no more than was necessary.  
GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

My Aunt.

MY aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !  
Long years have o'er her flown ;  
Yet still she strains the aching clasp  
That binds her virgin zone ;  
I know it hurts her, — though she looks  
As cheerful as she can ;  
Her waist is ampler than her life,  
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt !  
Her hair is almost gray ;  
Why will she train that winter curl  
In such a spring-like way ?  
How can she lay her glasses down,  
And say she reads as well,  
When, through a double convex lens,  
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father, — grandpapa ! forgive  
This erring lip its smiles, —  
Vowed she should make the finest girl  
Within a hundred miles.

## MY AUNT.

He sent her to a stylish school;  
'Twas in her thirteenth June;  
And with her, as the rules required,  
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,  
To make her straight and tall;  
They laced her up, they starved her down,  
To make her light and small;  
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,  
They screwed it up with pins; —  
O never mortal suffered more  
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,  
My grandsire brought her back;  
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth  
Might follow on the track;)  
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook  
Some powder in his pan,  
"What could this lovely creature do  
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,  
Nor bandit cavalcade

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Tore from the trembling father's arms  
His all-accomplished maid.  
For her how happy had it been !  
And Heaven had spared to me  
To see one sad, ungathered rose  
On my ancestral tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*Larrie O'Dee.*

NOW the Widow McGee,  
And Larrie O'Dee,  
Had two little cottages out on the green,  
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.  
The widow was young and the widow was fair,  
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair,  
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the  
morn  
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,  
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand  
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he :  
"Och ! Misthress McGee,  
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,  
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs !"  
"Indade sur, it is !" answered Widow McGee,  
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.  
" And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,  
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsайдently near  
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,  
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane."

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

“Shwate Widow McGee,”

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

“If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,  
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?  
Och! it made me heart ache when I paped through  
the cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe;  
An' a-bobbin' yer head an' a-shtompin' yer fate,  
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,  
A-shplittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,  
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!”

“Now, piggy,” says she,

“Larrie's courtin' o' me,

Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;  
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:  
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;  
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.  
Now Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig  
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!”  
“Me darlint, the piggy says yes,” answered he.  
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

W. W. FINK.

*Courting in Kentucky.*

WHEN Mary Ann Dollinger got the skule daown  
thar on Injun Bay,  
I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest  
way.  
I heerd some talk in the village ababout her flyin'  
high,  
Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter dew  
ter fly;  
But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk  
ontell  
She come in her reg'lar boardin' raound ter visit  
with us a spell.  
My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they  
could walk,  
An' it tuk me aback to hear her kerrectin' him in his  
talk.

Jake ain't no hand at grammar, though he hain't his  
beat for work;  
But I sez ter myself "Look out, my gal, yer a-foolin'  
with a turk!"

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mourn-  
ful way,  
He p'sumed he was behindhand with the doin's at  
Injun Bay,  
I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun  
buns,  
An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid  
o' "them is" the ones.  
Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an'  
evenin' long,  
Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin'  
wrong.

One day I was pickin' currants daown by the old  
quince-tree,  
When I heerd Jake's voice a-sayin' "Be yer willin'  
ter marry me?"  
An Mary Ann kerrectin' "Air ye willin' yeou sh'd  
say;"  
Our Jake he put his foot daown in a plum, decided  
way,  
"No wimmen-folks is a-goin' ter be rearrangin'  
me,  
Hereafter I says 'craps,' 'them is,' 'I calk'late,' an'  
'I be.'  
Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter  
what I say;

## COURTING IN KENTUCKY.

But I ain't a-goin' to take no sass from folks from  
Injun Bay.

I ask you free an' final, 'Be ye goin' ter marry  
me?' "

An Mary Ann sez, tremblin' yet anxious-like, "I  
be."

FLORENCE E. PRATT.

*The Lawyer's Invocation to Spring.*

WHEREAS, on certain boughs and sprays  
Now divers birds are heard to sing,  
And sundry flowers their heads upraise,  
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of those said birds arouse  
The memory of our youthful hours,  
As green as those said sprays and boughs,  
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds aforesaid — happy pairs —  
Love, 'mid the aforesaid boughs, inshrines  
In freehold nests ; themselves their heirs,  
Administrators, and assigns.

O busiest term of Cupid's Court,  
Where tender plaintiffs actions bring, —  
Season of frolic and of sport,  
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

*The Learned Negro.*

THERE was a negro preacher, I have heard,  
In Southern parts before rebellion stirred,  
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;  
His was a mind deep-reaching and profound.  
Others might beat the air, and make a noise,  
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys;  
But as for him he was a man of thought,  
Deep in theology, although untaught.  
He could not read or write, but he was wise,  
And knew right smart how to extemporize.  
One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,  
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,  
“Bredren and sisterin, and companions dear,  
Our preachment to-day, as you shall hear,  
Will be ob de creation, — ob de plan  
On which God fashioned Adam, de fust man.  
When God made Adam, in de ancient day,  
He made his body out ob earth and clay,  
He shape him all out right, den by and by,  
He set him up agin de fence to dry.”  
“Stop,” said a voice; and straightway there uprose,  
An ancient negro in his master’s clothes.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

“Tell me,” said he, “before you farder go,  
One little thing which I should like to know.  
It does not quite get through dis niggas’s har,  
How came dat fence so nice and handy dar?”  
Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,  
Or one non-plussed, astonished, thunderstruck,  
The preacher looked severely on the pews,  
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use :  
“Bredren,” said he, “dis word I hab to say ;  
De preacher can’t be bothered in dis way ;  
For, if he is, it’s jest as like as not,  
Our whole theology will be upsot.”

ANONYMOUS.

*The Height of the Ridiculous.*

I WROTE some lines once on a time,  
In wondrous merry mood,  
And thought, as usual, men would say  
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die;  
Albeit, in the general way,  
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;  
How kind it was of him,  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
And, in my humorous way,  
I added, (as a trifling jest,)  
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear ;  
He read the third ; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;  
The fifth ; his waistband split ;  
The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*A Dutchman's Dog Story.*

DERE vhas a leedle vomans once  
Who kept a leedle shtore,  
Und had a leedle puppy dog  
Dot shtoodt pefore der door.  
Und evfery dime der peoples coom  
He opened vide him's jaw.  
Schnip! Schnap! shoost so,  
Und bite dem.

Vun day anoder puppy dog  
Cooms runnin' down der shtreet,  
Oudt of Herr Schneider's sausage-shop,  
Where he had shtoled some meat;  
Und after him der Schneider man —  
Der vhind vhas not more fleet.  
Whir-r-r! Whist! shoost so,  
Like vinkin!

Der leedle voman's puppy dog  
Vhas lookin' at der fun,  
He barkit at der Schneider man,  
Und right pefore him run;

Den fell him down, dot Schneider man,  
Like shooted mit a gun.  
Bang! Crash! shoost so,  
Und voorser.

Der puppy dog dot shtoled der meat,  
Roon'd on und got avhay;  
Der leedle voman's puppy dog  
Der Schneider man did slay,  
Und make him indo sausages —  
Dot's vot der peoples say.  
Chip! Chop! shoost so,  
Und sell him.

DER MORAL.

Der moral is, don't interfere  
Vhen droubles is aroundt;  
Der man dot's in der fightin' crowd  
Vhill get hurt I'll be pound.  
Mind your own peesness, dot is pest,  
In life she vhill be found.  
Yaw! yaw! shoost so,  
I pet you.  
JOHN THOMAS BROWN.

Wedded Bliss.

“O COME and be my mate!” said the Eagle to  
the Hen;

“I love to soar, but then

I want my mate to rest

Forever in the nest!”

Said the Hen, “I cannot fly,

I have no wish to try,

But I joy to see my mate careering through the sky!”

They wed, and cried, “Ah, this is Love, my own!”

And the Hen sat, the Eagle soared, alone.

“O come and be my mate!” said the Lion to the  
Sheep;

“My love for you is deep!

I slay, a Lion should,

But you are mild and good!”

Said the Sheep, “I do no ill—

Could not, had I the will—

But I joy to see my mate pursue, devour, and kill.”

They wed, and cried, “Ah, this is Love, my own!”

And the Sheep browsed, the Lion prowled, alone.

"O come and be my mate!" said the Salmon to the  
Clam;

"You are not wise, but I am.

I know sea and stream as well;

You know nothing but your shell."

Said the Clam, "I'm slow of motion,

But my love is all devotion,

And I joy to have my mate traverse lake and stream  
and ocean!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah, this is Love, my own!"

And the Clam sucked, the Salmon swam, alone.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Ol' Pickett's Nell.

*Century Magazine.*

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool  
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from  
school.

She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen  
( 'Nd better friends you never seen );

But now — oh, my !

She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,  
'Nd l'arnin' — she jes knows it all.

*She's* eighteen now, but I'm so slow  
I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year ! Waal, waal ! doan't seem a week  
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,  
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,  
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.

But now — oh, my !

She rides in Pickett's new coopay  
Jes like she'd be'n brung up thet way,  
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen —  
Th' mostest like I ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease  
 Me fer to take her on my knees;  
 Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,  
 'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.

But now — oh, my!

She sets up this way — kinder proud,  
 'Nd never noways laughs out loud.  
 You w'u'dn't hardly think thet she  
 Hed ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose  
 To find a shady place 'nd snooze,  
 I'd wake with burdocks in my hair  
 'Nd elderberries in my ear.

But now — oh, my!

Somebody said ('twuz yesterday):  
 "Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;  
 Let's turn his jacket inside out!"  
 But Nell — she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like,  
 A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,  
 She put her arms clean round my head,  
 'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned;"

But now — oh, my!

## OL' PICKETT'S NELL.

She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,  
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,  
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!  
Thet ain't my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago  
Jes laughed t' see 'er put on so;  
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said,  
"Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned."

But now — oh, my!  
She held her purty head so high,  
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by —  
I w'u'dn't dast (afore last night)  
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night! — Ez I wuz startin' out  
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;  
'Nd, sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,  
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';

'Nd then — oh, my!  
She said she'd cried fer all th' week  
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;  
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,  
"Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars  
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,  
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,  
Afore th' cows come home last night.  
But now — oh, my !

. . . . .

MATHER DEAN KIMBALL.

## LITTLE BREECHES.

### Little Breeches.

#### A PIKE COUNTY VIEW OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

I DON'T go much on religion,  
I never ain't had no show;  
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
On the handful o' things I know.  
I don't pan out on the prophets  
And free-will, and that sort of thing, —  
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,  
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,  
And my little Gabe come along, —  
No four-year-old in the county  
Could beat him for pretty and strong,  
Peart and chipper and sassy,  
Always ready to swear and fight, —  
And I'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,  
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket  
As I passed by Taggart's store;

I went in for a jug of molasses  
 And left the team at the door.  
 They scared at something and started, —  
 I heard one little squall,  
 And hell-to-split over the prairie  
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!  
 I was almost froze with skeer;  
 But we roused up some torches,  
 And sarched for 'em far and near.  
 At last we struck hosses and wagon,  
 Snowed under a soft white mound,  
 Upsot, dead beat, — but of little Gabe  
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me  
 Of my fellow-critters' aid, —  
 I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,  
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

. . . . .

By this, the torches was played out,  
 And me and Isrul Parr  
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold  
 That he said was somewhar thar.

## LITTLE BREECHES.

We found it at last, and a little shed  
Where they shut up the lambs at night.  
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,  
So warm and sleepy and white;  
And *thar* sot Little Breeches and chirped,  
As peart as ever you see,  
“I want a chaw of terbacker,  
And that’s what’s the matter of me.”

How did he git thar? Angels.  
He could never have walked in that storm.  
They jest scooped down and toted him  
To whar it was safe and warm.  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And bringing him to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around The Throne.  
JOHN HAY.

*Early Rising.*

“GOD bless the man who first invented sleep!”  
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:  
And bless him, also, that he didn’t keep  
His great discovery to himself; nor try  
To make it — as the lucky fellow might —  
A close monopoly by patent-right!

Yes — bless the man who first invented sleep,  
(I really can’t avoid the iteration;)  
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,  
Whate’er the rascal’s name, or age, or station,  
Who first invented, and went round advising,  
That artificial cut-off — Early Rising!

“Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,”  
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;  
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;  
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,  
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be a-bed  
Is in the morning, if I reason right;

## EARLY RISING.

And he who cannot keep his precious head  
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,  
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,  
Is up to knavery ; or else — he drinks !

Thompson, who sung about the " Seasons," said  
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;  
But then he said it — lying — in his bed,  
At ten o'clock A. M., — the very reason  
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is  
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —  
Awake to duty, and awake to truth, —  
But when, alas ! a nice review we take  
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,  
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep  
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep !

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile  
For the soft visions of the gentle night ;  
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,  
To live as only in the angels' sight,  
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,  
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin !

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought  
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase  
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,  
Cried, "Served him right! — it's not at all sur-  
prising ;

The worm was punished, sir, for early rising ! "

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

*The Meeting of the Clabberhuses.*

I.

HE was the Chairman of the Guild  
Of Early Pleiocene Patriarchs;  
He was chief Mentor of the Lodge  
Of the Oracular Oligarchs.  
He was the Lord High Autocrat  
And Vizier of the Sons of Light,  
And Sultan and Grand Mandarin  
Of the Millennial Men of Might.

He was Grand Totem and High Priest  
Of the Independent Potentates;  
Grand Mogul of the Galaxy  
Of the Illustrious Stay-out-lates;  
The President of the Dandydudes,  
The Treasurer of the Sons of Glee;  
The Leader of the Clubtown Band  
And Architects of Melody.

II.

She was Grand Worthy Prophetess  
Of the Illustrious Maids of Mark;

Of Vestals of the Third Degree  
She was Most Potent Matriarch ;  
She was High Priestess of the Shrine  
Of Clubtown's Culture Coterie,  
And First Vice-President of the League  
Of the Illustrious G. A. B.

She was the First Dame of the Club  
For Teaching Patagonians Greek ;  
She was Chief Clerk and Auditor  
Of Clubtown's Anti-Bachelor Clique ;  
She was High Treasurer of the Fund  
For Borrioboolaghalians,  
And the Fund for Sending Browning's Poems  
To Native-born Australians.

III.

Once to a crowded social fête  
Both these much-titled people came,  
And each perceived, when introduced,  
They had the selfsame name.  
Their hostess said, when first they met :  
" Permit me now to introduce  
My good friend Mr. Clabberhuse  
To Mrs. Clabberhuse."

## THE MEETING OF THE CLABBERHUSES.

"'Tis very strange," said she to him,

"Such an unusual name.

A name so very seldom heard,

That we should bear the same."

"Indeed, 'tis wonderful," said he,

"And I'm surprised the more,

Because I never heard the name

Outside my home before.

"But now I come to look at you,"

Said he, "upon my life,

If I am not indeed deceived,

You are — you are — my wife."

She gazed into his searching face

And seemed to look him through;

"Indeed," said she, "it seems to me

You are my husband, too.

"I've been so busy with my clubs

And in my various spheres

I have not seen you now," she said,

"For over fourteen years."

"That's just the way it's been with me,

These clubs demand a sight" —

And then they both politely bowed,

And sweetly said "Good night."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

*Leedle Yawcob Strauss.*

I HAF von funny leedle poy,  
 Vot comes schust to mine knee;  
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,  
 As efer you dit see.  
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings  
 In all barts off der house:  
 But vot off dot? He vas mine son,  
 Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs  
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;  
 He sbills mine glass off lager bier,  
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.  
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese —  
 Dot was der roughest chouse;  
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy  
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,  
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,  
 To make der schticks to beat it mit —  
 Mine cracious, dot vas drue!

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,  
He kicks oup sooch a touse :  
But nefer mind ; der poys vas few  
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese :  
Who baints mine nose so red ?  
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt  
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed ?  
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp  
Vene'er der glim I douse.  
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain  
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss ?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild  
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,  
Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest,  
Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;  
But ven he vas aschleep in ped,  
So guiet as a mouse,  
I prays der Lord, " Dake anyding,  
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

*The Prayer of Cyrus Brown.*

“THE proper way for a man to pray,”  
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,  
“And the only proper attitude  
Is down upon his knees.”

“No, I should say the way to pray,”  
Said Rev. Dr. Wise,  
“Is standing straight with outstretched arms  
And rapt and upturned eyes.”

“Oh, no ; no, no,” said Elder Slow,  
“Such posture is too proud :  
A man should pray with eyes fast closed  
And head contritely bowed.”

“It seems to me his hands should be  
Austerely clasped in front,  
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,”  
Said Rev. Dr. Blunt.

“Las’ year I fell in Hodgkin’s well  
Head first,” said Cyrus Brown,

THE PRAYER OF CYRUS BROWN.

“ With both my heels a-stickin’ up,  
My head a-pinting down ;

“ An’ I made a prayer right then an’ there —  
Best prayer I ever said,  
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,  
A-standing on my head.”

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Jim.

HE was jes' a plain, ever'-day, all-round kind of a  
jour.,  
Consumpted-lookin' — but la!  
The jokiest, wittiest, story-tellin', song-singin', laugh'  
in'est, jolliest  
Feller you ever saw!  
Worked at jes' coarse work, but you kin bet he was  
fine enough in his talk,  
And his feelin's too!  
Lordy! ef he was on'y back on his bench agin to-  
day, a-carryin' on  
Like he ust to do!

Any shop-mate'll tell you there never was, on top o  
dirt,  
A better feller'n Jim!  
You want a favor, and couldn't git it anywhere  
else —  
You could git it o' him!  
Most free-heartedest man thataway in the world, I  
guess,  
Give up ever' nickel he's worth —

JIM.

And, ef you'd a-wanted it, and named it to him, and  
it was his,

He'd a-give you the earth!

Allus a-reachin' out, Jim was, and a-he'pin' some

Pore feller onto his feet —

He'd a-never a-keered how hungry he was hisse'f,

So's *the feller* got somepin' to eat!

Didn't make no difference at all to him how *he* was  
dressed,

He ust to say to me, —

“You togg out a tramp purty comfortable in winter  
time, a-huntin' a job,

And he'll git along!” says he.

Jim didn't have, ner never could git ahead so overly  
much

O' this world's goods at a time, —

'Fore now I've saw him more'n onc't lend a dollar,  
and haf' to, more'n likely,

Turn 'round and borry a dime!

Mebby laugh and joke about it hisse'f fer a while —  
then jerk his coat,

And kindo' square his chin,

Tie on his apern, and squat hisse'f on his old shoe-  
bench,

And go to peggin' agin!

Patientest feller too, I reckon, at ever jes' naturely  
Coughed hisse'f to death !  
Long enough after his voice was lost he'd laugh in  
a whisper and say  
He could git ever'thing but his breath —  
"You fellers," he'd sort o' twinkle his eyes and say,  
"Is a-pilin' onto me  
A mighty big debt for that air little weak-chested  
ghost o' mine to pack  
Through all Eternity !"

Now there was a man 'at jes' 'peared like, to me,  
'At ortn't *a-never* a-died !  
"But death hain't a-showin' no favors," the old boss  
said,  
"On'y to Jim !" and cried :  
And Wigger, who puts up the best sewed work in the  
shop,  
Er the whole blame neighborhood,  
He says, "When God made Jim, I bet you He didn't  
do anything else that day  
But jes' set around and feel good !"  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From "Christmas-night in the Quarters."

GO 'way, fiddle! Folks is tired o' hearin' you  
a-squawkin',  
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de  
banjo talkin'?  
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies,  
listen—  
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, and why de h'ar is  
missin'.

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin'  
solemn—  
Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," and he read de ribber  
column—  
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber  
patches,  
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the  
steamah "Natchez."

Oi' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';  
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an'  
a-pshawin',

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine  
to happen,  
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drap-  
pin'.

Now, Noah had done catched a lot ob ebry sort of  
beas'es,  
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!  
He had a Morgaw colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey  
cattle —  
An' druv 'em board de Ark as soon's he heered de  
thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! It come so awful  
hebbly  
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbie;  
De people all wuz drowneded out — 'cep' Noah an' de  
critters  
An' men he'd hired to work de boat, an' one to mix  
de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';  
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';  
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell whut wid  
all de fussin'  
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'  
cussin'.

“CHRISTMAS-NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS.”

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de  
packet,  
Got lonesome in de barber-shop an' c'u'dn't stand de  
racket;  
An' so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steamed some wood  
an' bent it,  
An' soon he had a banjo made — de fust that was  
invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an'  
screws an' aprin,  
An' fitted in a proper neck — 'twuz berry long an'  
tap'rin'.  
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to  
ring it;  
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine  
to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's  
a-singin';  
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong — des fit fur  
banjo-stringin';  
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner  
graces;  
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to  
bases.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig — 'twuz "Neb-ber min' de wedder" —

She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all to-gedder.

Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers,

An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time — it's mighty strange — dere's not de slighes' showin'

Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';  
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los' 'em —

Fur whar you finds de nigger — dar's de banjo an' de 'possum.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

## FIVE LIVES.

### Five Lives.

FIVE mites of monads dwelt in a round drop  
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun.  
To the naked eye they lived invisible;  
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell  
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

One was a meditative monad, called a sage;  
And, shrinking all his mind within, he thought:  
"Tradition, handed down for hours and hours,  
Tells that our globe, this quivering crystal world,  
Is slowly dying. What if, seconds hence  
When I am very old, yon shimmering doom  
Comes drawing down and down, till all things  
end?"

Then with a wizen smirk he proudly felt  
No other mote of God had ever gained  
Such giant grasp of universal truth.

One was a transcendental monad; thin  
And long and slim of mind; and thus he mused:  
"Oh, vast, unfathomable monad-souls!

Made in the image" — a hoarse frog croaks  
from the pool,

"Hark! 'twas some god, voicing his glorious  
thought

In thunder music! Yea, we hear their voice,  
And we may guess their minds from ours, their  
work.

Some taste they have like ours, some tendency  
To wriggle about, and munch a trace of scum."  
He floated up on a pin-point bubble of gas  
That burst, pricked by the air, and he was gone.

One was a barren-minded monad, called  
A positivist; and he knew positively;  
"There was no world beyond this certain drop.  
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream  
Of their faint gleams, and noises from without,  
And higher and lower; life is life enough."  
Then swaggering half a hair's breadth hungrily  
He seized upon an atom of bug, and fed.

One was a tattered monad, called a poet;  
And with a shrill voice ecstatic thus he sang:  
"Oh, little female monad's lips!  
Oh, little female monad's eyes!  
Ah, the little, little, female, female monad!"

## FIVE LIVES.

The last was a strong-minded monadess,  
Who dashed amid the infusoria,  
Danced high and low, and wildly spun and dove,  
Till the dizzy others held their breath to see.

But while they led their wondrous little lives  
Æonian moments had gone wheeling by,  
The burning drop had shrunk with fearful speed;  
A glistening film — 'twas gone; the leaf was dry.  
The little ghost of an inaudible squeak  
Was lost to the frog that goggled from his stone;

Who, at the huge, slow tread of a thoughtful ox  
Coming to drink, stirred sideways fatly, plunged,  
Launched backward twice, and all the pool was  
still.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Sary "Sixes Up" Things.

O H, yes, we've be'n fixin' up some sence we sold  
that piece o' groun'  
Fer a place to put a golf-lynx to them crazy dudes  
from town.  
(Anyway, they laughed like crazy when I had it  
specified,  
Ef they put a golf-lynx on it, thet they'd haf to keep  
him tied.)  
But they paid the price all reg'lar, an' then Sary says  
to me,  
"Now we're goin' to fix the parlor up, an' settin'-  
room," says she.  
Fer she 'lowed she'd been a-scrimpin' an' a-scrapin'  
all her life,  
An' she meant fer once to have things good as Cousin  
Ed'ard's wife.  
  
Well, we went down to the city, an' she bought the  
blamedest mess ;  
An' them clerks there must 'a' took her fer a' Astor-  
oid, I guess ;  
Fer they showed her fancy bureaus which they said  
was shiffoneers,

SARY "FIXES UP" THINGS.

An' some more they said was dressers, an' some curtains called porteurs.

An' she looked at that there furnicher, an' felt them curtains' heft;

Then she sailed in like a cyclone an' she bought 'em right an' left;

An' she picked a Bress'ls carpet thet was flowered like Cousin Ed's,

But she drawed the line com-pletely when we got to foldin'-beds.

Course, she said, 't 'u'd make the parlor lots more roomier, she s'posed;

But she 'lowed she'd have a bedstid thet was shore to stay un-closed;

An' she stopped right there an' told us sev'ral tales of folks she'd read

Bein' overtook in slumber by the "fatal foldin'-bed."

"Not ef it wuz set in di'mon's! Nary foldin'-bed fer me!

I ain't goin' to start fer glory in a rabbit-trap!" says she.

"When the time comes I'll be ready an' a-waitin'; but ez yet,

I sha'n't go to sleep a-thinkin' that I've got the triggers set."

Well, sir, shore as yo' 're a-livin', after all thet Sary  
said,  
'Fore we started home that evenin' she hed bought a  
foldin'-bed ;  
An' she's put it in the parlor, where it adds a heap  
o' style ;  
An' we're sleepin' in the settin'-room at present fer  
a while.  
Sary still maintains it's han'some ; "an' them city  
folks 'll see  
That we're posted on the fashions when they visit  
us," says she ;  
But it plagues her some to tell her, ef it ain't no other  
use,  
We can set it fer the golf-lynx ef he ever sh'u'd get  
loose.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

*The Courtin'.*

GOD makes sech nights, all white an'  
still

Fur'z you can look or listen,  
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
With half a cord o' wood in —  
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
An' leetle flames danced all about  
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
An' in amongst 'em rusted

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young  
    Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
    Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
    Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
    On sech a blessed cretur,  
A dogrose blushin' to a brook  
    Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,  
    Clear grit an' human natur';  
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton  
    Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
    Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—  
    All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
    All crinkly like curled maple,  
The side she breshed felt full o' sun  
    Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

## THE COURTIN'.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing  
Ez hisn in the choir;  
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,  
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,  
When her new meetin'-bunnet  
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*!  
She seemed to've gut a new soul,  
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,  
A-raspin' on the scraper, —  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him funder,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

" You want to see my Pa, I s'pose? "  
" Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin' " —  
" To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,  
Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, " I'd better call agin ; "  
Says she, " Think likely, Mister : "  
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips  
An' teary roun' the lashes.

## THE COURTIN'.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
Too tight for all expressin',  
Tell mother see how metters stood,  
An' gin' 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
An all I know is they was cried  
I a meetin' come nex' Sunday.  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

**Palabras Grandiosas.<sup>1</sup>**

AFTER T—— B—— A——.

I LAY i' the bosom of the sun,  
 Under the roses dappled and dun.  
 I thought of the Sultan Gingerbeer,  
 In his palace beside the Bendemeer,  
 With his Affghan guards and his eunuchs blind,  
 And the harem that stretched for a league behind.  
 The tulips bent i' the summer breeze,  
 Under the broad chrysanthemum-trees,  
 And the minstrel, playing his culverin,  
 Made for mine ears a merry din.  
 If I were the Sultan, and he were I,  
 Here i' the grass he should loafing lie,  
 And I should bestride my zebra steed,  
 And ride to the hunt of the centipede:  
 While the pet of the harem, Dandeline,  
 Should fill me a crystal bucket of wine,  
 And the kislär aga, Up-to-Snuff,  
 Should wipe my mouth when I sighed, "Enough!"  
 And the gay court-poet, Fearfulbore,

<sup>1</sup> "The Echo Club."

PALABRAS GRANDIOSAS.

Should sit in the hall when the hunt was o'er,  
And chant me songs of silvery tone,  
Not from Hafiz, but — mine own !

Ah, wee sweet love, beside me here,  
I am not the Sultan Gingerbeer,  
Nor you the odalisque Dandeline,  
Yet I am yourn, and you are mine !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

*Signs of the Times.*

*"Dear Jones"*

(I *will* not do as he  
Requests, and I am fervent  
In saying so)—"and I remain  
Your most obedient servant."

*"Dear Brown"*

(He's not the company  
A wise man would select)—  
"And pray believe me, sir, I am  
Yours with profound respect."

*"Dear Tom,*

Your favour is at hand"—  
(But I decline to lend  
The small amount he mentions)—"and  
As ever, I'm your friend."

*"Dear Smith"*

(I like him not at all;  
I tolerate him merely;  
He bores me when he makes a call)—  
"And I am yours sincerely."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

*"Dear Will"*

(It certainly would please  
Me if, for lack of breath,  
He'd go where he would never freeze) —  
"With love I'm yours till death."

*"Dear Ned"*

(I hope he'll not again  
Ask favours from me) — "and  
I have the honour to remain  
Yours humbly to command."

*Dear Friends —*

When we're obliged to sign  
Our names to letters duly,  
Both much and nothing we combine  
By saying just —

"Yours truly."

H. C. DODGE.

Ⓐ Letter from Mr. Ezekiel Biglow.<sup>1</sup>

THRASH away, you'll *hev* to rattle  
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,  
'Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle  
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;  
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,  
Let folks see how spry you be, —  
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor  
'Fore you git ahold o' me !

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,  
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best ; —  
Fact ! it takes a sight o' cotton  
To stuff out a soger's chest:  
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,  
Ef you must wear humps like these  
Sposin' you should try salt hay fer 't,  
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers,  
They're a dreffle graspin' set,

<sup>1</sup> "The Biglow Papers."

N. Y. State  
Canoeing & Fishing



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



A LETTER FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

We must ollers blow the bellers  
Wen they want their irons het ;  
May be it's all right ez preachin',  
But *my* narves it kind o' grates,  
Wen I see the overreachin'  
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,  
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth  
(Helped by Yankee renegaders),  
Thru the vartu o' the North !  
We begin to think it's nater  
To take sarse an' not be riled ; —  
Who'd expect to see a tater  
All on eend at bein' biled ?

Ez fer war, I call it murder, —  
There you hev it plain an' flat ;  
I don't want to go no furdur  
Than my Testyment fer that ;  
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,  
It's ez long ez it is broad,  
An' you've gut to git up airly  
Ef you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers  
Make the thing a grain more right ;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

'Tain't a-follerin' your bell-wethers  
Will excuse ye in His sight;  
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,  
An' go stick a feller thru,  
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,  
God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'  
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,  
Ef it's right to go amowin'  
Feller-men like oats an' rye?  
I dunno but wut it's pooty  
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—  
But it's curus Christian dooty  
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy  
Tell they're pupple in the face,—  
It's a grand gret cemetary  
Fer the barthrights of our race;  
They jest want this Californy  
So's to lug new slave-states in  
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,  
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee  
Take sech everlastin' pains,

A LETTER FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

All to git the Devil's thankee  
    Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?  
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,  
    Clear ez one an' one make two,  
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers  
    Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to  
    Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,  
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,  
    Any gump could larn by heart;  
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman  
    Hev one glory an' one shame.  
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman  
    Injers all on 'em the same.

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks  
    You're agoin' to git your right,  
Nor by lookin' down on black folks  
    Coz you're put upon by wite;  
Slavery ain't o' nary color,  
    'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,  
All it keers fer in a feller  
    'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?  
    I expect you'll hev to wait;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye  
You'll begin to kal'late ;  
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'  
All the carkiss from your bones,  
Coz you helped to give a lickin'  
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy  
Wether I'd be sech a goose  
Ez to jine ye, — guess you'd fancy  
The etarnal bung wuz loose !  
She wants me fer home consumption,  
Let alone the hay's to mow, —  
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,  
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'  
Like a cockerel three months old, —  
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',  
Though they *be* so blasted bold ;  
*Ain't* they a prime lot o' fellers?  
'Fore they think on't they will sprout  
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),  
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'  
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,

A LETTER FROM MR. EZEKIEL BIGLOW.

Help the men thet's ollers dealin'  
    Insults on your fathers' graves;  
Help the strong to grind the feeble,  
    Help the many agin the few,  
Help the men that call your people  
    Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew?

Massachusetts, God forgive her,  
    She's akneelin' with the rest,  
She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever  
    In her grand old eagle-nest;  
She thet ough' to stand so fearless  
    Wile the wracks are round her hurled,  
Holdin' up a beacon peerless  
    To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your colored seamen?  
    Hain't they made your env'ys wiz?  
*Wut'll* make ye act like freemen?  
    *Wut'll* git your dander riz?  
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'  
    Is our dooty in this fix,  
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'  
    In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple,  
    Call all true men to disown

The tradoochers of our people,  
The enslavers o' their own;  
Let our dear old Bay State proudly  
Put the trumpet to her mouth,  
Let her ring this messidge loudly  
In the ears of all the South: —

“ I'll return ye good fer evil  
Much ez we frail mortils can,  
But I wun't go help the Devil  
Makin' man the cuss o' man;  
Call me coward, call me traiter,  
Jest ez suits your mean idees, —  
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,  
An' the friend o' God an' Peace! ”

Ef I'd *my* way I hed ruther  
We should go to work an' part, —  
They take one way, we take t'other, —  
Guess it wouldn't break my heart;  
Man hed ough' to put asunder  
Them thet God has noways jined;  
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder  
Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Ode on a Jar of Pickles.<sup>1</sup>

I.

A SWEET, acidulous, down-reaching thrill  
Pervades my sense: I seem to see or hear  
The lushy garden-grounds of Greenwich Hill  
In autumn, when the crispy leaves are sere:  
And odors haunt me of remotest spice  
From the Levant or musky-aired Cathay,  
Or from the saffron-fields of Jericho,  
Where everything is nice:  
The more I sniff the more I swoon away,  
And what else mortal palate craves, forego.

II.

Odors unsmelled are keen, but those I smell  
Are keener; wherefore let me sniff again!  
Enticing walnuts, I have known ye well  
In youth, when pickles were a passing pain;  
Unwitting youth, that craves the candy stem,  
And sugar-plums to olives doth prefer,  
And even licks the pots of marmalade  
When sweetness clings to them:

<sup>1</sup> "The Echo Club."

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

But now I dream of ambergris and myrrh,  
Tasting these walnuts in the poplar shade.

### III.

Lo! hoarded coolness in the heart of noon,  
Plucked with its dew, the cucumber is here,  
As to the Dryad's parching lips a boon,  
And crescent bean-pods, unto Bacchus dear;  
And, last of all, the pepper's pungent globe,  
The scarlet dwelling of the sylph of fire,  
Provoking purple draughts; and, surfeited,  
I cast my trailing robe  
O'er my pale feet, touch up my tuneless lyre,  
And twist the Delphic wreath to suit my head.

### IV.

Here shall my tongue in other wise be soured  
Than fretful men's in parched and palsied days;  
And, by the mid-May's dusky leaves embowered  
Forget the fruitful blame, the scanty praise.  
No sweets to them who sweet themselves were born,  
Whose natures ooze with lucent saccharine;  
Who, with sad repetition soothly cloyed,  
The lemon-tinted morn  
Enjoy, and for acetic darkness pine:  
Wake I, or sleep? The pickle-jar is void.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

*The Cowboy's Tale.*

“ARE there no real good Injuns?”

The cowboy raised his head,  
And, glancing at the Tenderfoot,

He turned to him and said :

“I rode the prairies, pardner,

Ten years in rain or sun,

But, as to real good Injuns,

I ain't met more'n one.

A swig o' that horse liniment,

And then I'll try to place

This A I virtuous redskin

That for goodness trumps the ace.

T'was at the bar at Mack's Ford,

A lot of boys one day

Got making things quite lively

In a ball and cartridge way.

I banged around about me,

And didn't count the odds —

I'd been soakin' electricity

Like fifty lightning rods —

When suddenly the Sheriff

And his gang came bounding down,

And the boys took to their cattle  
And dusted out o' town.  
But something was the matter  
With my headworks, I daresay,  
For I stumbled by the roadside,  
And couldn't find my way.  
And the next I can remember  
It was night and pitchy black,  
And I tried to strike the trail from there,  
But couldn't hit a track ;  
And I was mighty dizzy  
And felt I should have died,  
When standing just before me  
An Injun's shape I spied.  
He held his hands out to me,  
But didn't say a word !  
And when I tried to hail him  
He neither spoke nor stirred.  
And then I slipped in somehow  
Between each sturdy arm,  
And he let me down so gentle,  
Without a bit o' harm.  
And I lay there quite contented,  
And slept until 'twas day,  
And woke to find him watching  
At my side the same old way.  
So I climbed upon my uprights,

## THE COWBOY'S TALE.

And a word I couldn't say,  
But I looked the red man in the face,  
And then — I sneaked away.  
We parted. But as years pass by  
I wonder more and more  
If that wood Injun sign-post stands  
At Mack's tobacco store.”  
“ WYOMING KIT.”

**A Tale of a Nose.**

'T WAS a hard case, that which happened in Lynn.

Haven't heard of it, eh? Well then, to begin,  
There's a Jew down there whom they call "Old  
Mose,"

Who travels about, and buys old clothes.

Now Mose — which the same is short for Moses —  
Had one of the biggest kind of noses:

It had a sort of instep in it,  
And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row  
With a German chap who had kissed his *frau*,  
And, trying to punch him *à la Mace*,  
Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

He picked it up from off the ground,  
And quickly back in its place 'twas bound,  
Keeping the bandage upon his face  
Until it had fairly healed in place.

Alas for Mose! 'Twas a sad mistake  
Which he in his haste that day did make;

## A TALE OF A NOSE.

For, to add still more to his bitter cup,  
He found he had placed it *wrong side up*.

“There’s no great loss without some gain;”  
And Moses says, in a jocular vein,  
He arranged it so for taking snuff,  
As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add,  
Which makes the arrangement rather bad:  
Although he can take his snuff with ease,  
He has to stand on his head to sneeze!

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

## *The King's Daughter.<sup>1</sup>*

*Century Magazine.*

WHIN you was out a lady called,  
A lady foine and fair,  
Wid swate, blue eyes and purty mouth,  
And lovely banged up hair.

And whin she asked ef you was in,  
Says I, "No, mum, she's not;  
But ef you'll lave yer card wid me,  
I'll see it's not forgot."

"Oh, niver moind," says she. "I came  
A little news to bring  
About some poor we're doing for —  
I'm dau'ther av the King."

Thin "houly saints!" I lost me wits,  
And curtsied down so low,  
That whin the princess left the door,  
I niver saw her go.

<sup>1</sup> "The King's Daughters" is the name of a numerous benevolent organization of American women.

## THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

But gettin' quick me sinses back,  
I hurried down the strate,  
And bowin' low, says I to her,  
"Pray won't your hoighness wait?"

She looked at me and smiled most swate,  
Wid all her white teeth showin':  
"No, not to-day; I'll come again.  
'Tis toime I must be goin'."

Now, though I am a dimmycrat,  
All kings and queenses hatin',  
And bein' an American,  
All white folks aqual ratin',

I'd loike to know the princess's name,  
And who moight be her father,  
And what she's doin' over here  
So far across the wather.

And ef her Royal Hoighness wants  
A maid to wait upon her,  
I'll do it on these blissed knaes,  
Sure's me name's O'Connor.

MARY L. HENDERSON.

Revival Hymn.<sup>1</sup>

A SONG OF "UNCLE REMUS."

O H, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,  
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin'  
er de drums?

How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late  
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?  
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!  
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer,  
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier —  
Oh, Lord! fetch the mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a-stan'in' all aroun',  
Who's a gwine ter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-  
crown?

Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',  
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?  
You better come now ef you comin' —  
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin' —  
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin' —  
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

<sup>1</sup> From "Uncle Remus." Copyright, 1880, by D. Appleton & Co.

## REVIVAL HYMN.

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,  
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,  
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,  
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!  
    Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';  
    Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git took in;  
    You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,  
    Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place —  
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;  
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,  
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.

    No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,  
    De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer —  
    Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,  
    Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

*A Boston Lullaby.*

BABY'S brain is tired of thinking  
On the Wherefore and the Whence;  
Baby's precious eyes are blinking  
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning  
Heavy leaves of lexicon;  
Little nose is fretted learning  
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature  
Are beneficent and wise;  
His medulla oblongata  
Bids my darling close his eyes,

And his pneumogastriks tell him  
Quietude is always best  
When his little cerebellum  
Needs recuperative rest.

A BOSTON LULLABY.

Baby must have relaxation,  
Let the world go wrong or right —  
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation  
To its chances for the night.  
JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

To My Poland Rooster.<sup>1</sup>

“O THOU, whatever title please thine ear,”  
He-chicken, Rooster, Cock, or Chanticleer;  
Whether on France’s flag you flap and flare,  
Or roost and drowse in Shelton’s elbow-chair;  
Or wake the drones, or please the female kind,  
And cluck and strut with all your hens behind;  
As symbol, teacher, time-piece, spouse, to you  
Our praise is doubtless, Cock-a-doodle, due.

Oviparous Sultan, Pharaoh, Cæsar, Czar,  
Sleep-shattering songster, feathered morning-star;  
Many-wived Mormon, cock-pit Spartacus,  
Winner alike of coin and hearty curse;  
Sir Harum Scarum, knight by crest and spur,  
Great, glorious, gallinaceous Aaron Burr,  
How proud am I — how proud yon corn-fed flock  
Of cackling houris are — of thee, Old Cock!

Illustrious Exile! far thy kindred crow  
Where Warsaw’s towers with morning glories glow;

<sup>1</sup> “The Sparrowgrass Papers.”

TO MY POLAND ROOSTER.

Shanghai and Chittagong may have their day,  
And even Brahma-pootra fade away ;  
But thou shalt live, immortal Polack, thou,  
Though Russia's eagle clips thy pinions now,  
To flap thy wings and crow with all thy soul,  
When Freedom spreads her light from Pole to Pole.

FREDERICK SWARTOUT COZZENS.

*The Piazza.*

THE beauteous Ethel's father has a  
New painted front piazza —  
He has a  
Piazza;  
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted  
They had that front piazza painted —  
That tainted  
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance  
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants —  
That night perchance  
In gorgeous pants;  
Engaging Ethel in a chat  
On that piazza down he sat —  
In chat  
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd  
He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast —  
At last  
Stuck fast!

## THE PIAZZA.

Fair Ethel shrieked "It is the paint!"  
And fainted in a deadly faint—  
    This saint  
    Did faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—  
He cannot tear himself away—  
    Away?  
    Nay, nay!  
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—  
He's nothing else to do but die—  
    To die!  
    O my!

ANONYMOUS.

*A Kiss in the Rain.*

ONE stormy morn I chanced to meet  
A lassie in the town ;  
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,  
Her laughing eyes were brown.  
I watched her as she tripped along  
Till madness filled my brain,  
And then — and then — I know 'twas wrong —  
I kissed her in the rain !

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,  
Like dew-drops on a rose,  
The little lassie strove to speak  
My boldness to oppose ;  
She strove in vain, and quivering  
Her fingers stole in mine ;  
And then the birds began to sing,  
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,  
My heart is light below ;  
'Tis always summer when we love,  
However winds may blow ;

A KISS IN THE RAIN.

And I'm as proud as any prince,  
All honors I disdain:  
She says I am her *rain beau* since  
I kissed her in the rain.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

*Seminine Arithmetic.*

LAURA.

ON me he shall ne'er put a ring,  
So, mamma, 'tis in vain to take trouble—  
For I was but eighteen in spring,  
While his age exactly is double.

MAMMA.

He's but in his thirty-sixth year,  
Tall, handsome, good-natured and witty,  
And should you refuse him, my dear,  
May you die an old maid without pity!

LAURA.

His figure, I grant you, will pass,  
And at present he's young enough plenty;  
But when I am sixty, alas!  
Will not he be a hundred and twenty?

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

*The Deacon's Masterpiece;*

*Or, The Wonderful "One-hoss Shay."*

A LOGICAL STORY.

**H**AVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will, —  
Above or below, or within or without, —  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:  
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;  
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,

## THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

The panels of white-wood that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these ;  
The hubs of logs from the " Settler's Ellum," —  
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em,  
Never an ax had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips ;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin, too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he " put her through." —  
" There ! " said the Deacon, " Naow she'll dew ! "

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less !  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren — where were they ?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-Earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten ; —  
 " Hahnsum kerridge " they called it **then**.  
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; —  
 Running as usual ; much the same.  
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
 And then come fifty, and **FIFTY-FIVE**.

Little of all we value here  
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
 Without both feeling and looking queer.  
 In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
 (This is a moral that runs at large ;  
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER — the Earthquake-day —  
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,  
 A general flavor of mild decay,  
 But nothing local, as one may say.  
 There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art  
 Had made it so like in every part  
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
 And the panels were just as strong as the floor,  
 And the whiffle-tree neither less nor more,

## THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,  
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill, —  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!  
— What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first,  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

**Bait of the Average Fisherman.**

This is the bait  
the fisher-  
men take,  
the fishermen take, the fisher-  
men take, when they start out the fish to  
wake, so early in the morning. They take a nip be-  
fore they go — a good one, ah ! and long and slow,  
for fear the chills will lay them low, so early in  
the morning. Another — when they're on the  
street, which they repeat each time they meet  
for "luck" — for that's the way to greet a  
fisher in the morning. And when they are  
on the river's brink again they drink with-  
out a wink — to fight malaria they think  
it proper in the morning. They tip a  
flask with true delight when there's a  
bite ; if fishing's light they "smile"  
the more, till jolly tight all fishing  
they are scorning. Another nip as  
they depart ; one at the mart and  
one to part ; but none when in  
the house they dart expecting  
there'll be mourning. This  
is the bait the fishermen try,  
who fishes buy at prices  
high, and tell each one  
a bigger lie of fishing  
in the morning.

H. C. DODGE.

Mis' Smith.

ALL day she hurried to get through  
The same as lots of wimmin do;  
Sometimes at night her husban' said,  
"Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"  
And then she'd kinder give a hitch,  
And pause half-way between a stitch,  
And sorter sigh, and say that she  
Was ready as she'd ever be,  
She reckoned.

And so the years went one by one,  
An' somehow she was never done;  
An' when the angel said, as how  
"Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now,"  
She sorter raised her eyes to look  
A second, as a stitch she took;  
"All right, I'm comin' now," says she,  
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,  
I reckon."

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

*Any One Will Do.*

A MAIDEN once, of certain age,  
To catch a husband did engage ;  
But, having passed the prime of life  
In striving to become a wife  
Without success, she thought it time  
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course  
Of paint and such like for resource,  
With all her might this ancient maid  
Beneath an oak-tree knelt and prayed ;  
Unconscious that a grave old owl  
Was perched above — the mousing fowl !

“ Oh, give ! a husband give ! ” she cried,  
“ While yet I may become a bride ;  
Soon will my day of grace be o’er,  
And then, like many maids before,  
I’ll die without an early love,  
And none to meet me there above !

“ Oh, 'tis a fate too hard to bear!  
Then answer this my humble prayer,  
And oh, a husband give to me! ”  
Just then the owl from out the tree,  
In deep base tones cried, “ Who — who —  
    who! ”  
“ Who, Lord? And dost Thou ask me who?  
Why, any one, good Lord, will do.”

ANONYMOUS.

**A Curious Want.**

“*Wanted* — A man who understands the five-cent restaurant business.” — *New York Herald Advertisement*.

WHAT aggregated wisdom must  
That fellow be possessed of,  
Who's fit to seize on such a trust  
And stand the seasoning test of.

No title which the savant flaunts,  
Nor yet degrees from college,  
Can probe the five-cent restaurant's  
Unpenetrated knowledge.

Think of the things a man must know  
To hold this rare position !  
How far the average shank should go  
Before it fills its mission ;

How many plates a pound of beef  
Will yield in five-cent slices ;  
How much of cabbage, to a leaf,  
Leaves profit at these prices ;

How pie-crust gains economy  
If baked when dry or moister;  
How many quarts of soup can be  
Produced from one fair oyster.

And he must be, whate'er betides,  
More lamblike than his mutton;  
Appease the man whose fish-ball hides  
A too obtrusive button.

Explain to those of doubting minds  
About the butter's color,  
And reconcile the chap who finds  
A hairpin in his cruller.

Pray, what to him are life's small sums  
On whom the truth thus flashes —  
This sage who sees whence sausage comes,  
Who really knows what hash is?

In short, the *Herald's* curious want  
A mighty truth condenses:  
To run a five-cent restaurant  
Takes all of man's five senses!

MARC COOK  
("Vandyke Brown").

*Accepted and Will Appear.*

ONE evening while reclining  
In my easy-chair, repining  
O'er the lack of true religion, and the dearth of common sense,  
A solemn visaged lady,  
Who was surely on the shady  
Side of thirty, entered proudly, and to crush me did  
commence :

"I sent a poem here, sir,"  
Said the lady, growing fiercer,  
"And the subject which I'd chosen, you remember,  
sir, was 'Spring ;'  
But, although I've scanned your paper,  
Sir, by sunlight, gas, and taper,  
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing."

She was muscular and wiry,  
And her temper sure was fiery,  
And I knew to pacify her I would have to — fib like  
fun.

So I told her ere her verses,  
Which were great, had come to — bless us,  
We'd received just sixty-one on "Spring," of which  
we'd printed one.

And I added, "We've decided  
That they'd better be divided  
Among the years that follow — one to each succeeding Spring.  
So your work, I'm pleased to mention,  
Will receive our best attention  
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to  
sing."

PARMENAS MIX.

*Knittin' at th' Stockin'.*

GOSH! But Phoebe did look sweet!

Scrumptious? I should say so.

Hed her ha'r all fixed in kinks

That I wished 'ud stay so.

Thumpin' on th' floor my hoofs

Went, ez I sot rockin' ;

She jis' made the yarn-ball hum —

Knittin' at th' stockin'.

Tork was never my bes' holt,

Ain't thet kind o' chicken.

'D ruther set 'n' lis' to Pheeb's

Needles clickin', clickin' ;

Watch her fingers an' her face,

Ez I went on rockin',

An' she never once looked up —

Knittin' at th' stockin'.

“Pheeb,” at las' I sez, sez I,

With my heart a-thumpin'.

“Well, what is it, Ab?” sez she.

“Mayn't I tell you sumpin'?”

"Lawsey! What you got to say?  
Better go on rockin';  
Reckon I don't keer," she said,  
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"Waal, I know a feller, Pheeb,  
What 'ud like to marry,  
'N' he'd like to marry *you*,  
Sartain ez Ole Harry."  
Then my breath jis' los' its grip,  
Worse I went to rockin',  
"Is he han'sum — rich?" sez she,  
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

Gee! But wasn't I sot back!  
Rich? Good lookin'! Sunday  
I jis' put on style in clo'es  
Thet I worked in Monday!  
"Guess he's neether, Pheeb," sez I,  
Ruther narvous rockin';  
"Dassent tell his name," sez she,  
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"No — I dassent — 'tain't no use,  
Things looks blue 'n' yellor;  
Ther's no hope for me — I mean,  
Fur that uther feller."

KNITTIN' AT TH' STOCKIN'.

"Ab, I knowed that you meant *you*,  
Sure ez you'se a rockin'.  
Ain't you fibbin' now?" sez she,  
Knittin' at th' stockin'.

"Pheeb, you hit th' post first shot."  
"Why," sez she, "thet's funny."  
"Funny? Pheeb, now won't you be  
Mine in matrimunny?"  
"Yes," sed she, 'n' then I jumped,  
Left th' cha'r a-rockin',  
'N' I kissed her on th' lips,  
Ez she toed thet stockin'.

AMERICUS WELLINGTON BELLAW.

**Dot Baby off Mine.**

**M**INE cracious! Mine cracious! shust look here  
und see

A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.  
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,  
Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot;  
Id wasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,  
Id vas all on aggount of dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;  
Not mooch pigger round as a goot glass off beer,  
Mit a bare-footed hed, and nose but a schpeck,  
A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,  
Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine  
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,  
Und beats little Yawcob for making a noise;  
He shust had pegun to shbeak goot English, too,  
Says, "Mamma," und "Bapa," und somedimes, "ah-  
goo!"

You don't find a baby den dimes oudt off nine  
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

## DOT BABY OFF MINE.

He grawls der vloer over, und drows dings aboutt,  
Und puts efryding he can find in his mout;  
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his  
chair,

Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible shcare.  
Mine hair stands like shquills on a mat borcupine  
Ven I dinks of dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Der vas someding, you pet, I don't likes pooty vell;  
To hear in der nighdt-dimes dot young Deutscher  
yell,

Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,  
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack  
quickly goes.

Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine  
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,  
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;  
Dey vill veear a vwhite shirt-vront inshted of a bib,  
Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib.  
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,  
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

To My Big Sweetheart.<sup>1</sup>

MY love has long brown curls,  
And blue forget-me-not eyes;  
She's the beauty of all the girls —  
But I wish I was twice my size;  
Then I could kiss her cheek,  
Or venture her lips to taste;  
But now I only reach to the ribbon  
She ties around her waist.

Chocolate-drop of my heart!  
I dare not breathe thy name;  
Like a peppermint stick I stand apart  
In a sweet, but secret flame:  
When you look down on me,  
And the tassel atop of my cap,  
I feel as if something had got in my throat,  
And was choking against the strap.

I passed your garden and there,  
On the clothes-line, hung a few  
Pantalettes, and one tall pair  
Reminded me, love, of you;

<sup>1</sup> "The Sparrowgrass Papers."

TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

And I thought, as I swung on the gate  
In the cold, by myself alone,  
How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,  
But the bitter keeps on and on.

FREDERICK SWARTOUT COZZENS.

**Conjugal Conjugations.**

DEAR maid, let me speak  
What I never yet spoke :  
You have made my heart squeak  
As it never yet squoke,  
And for sight of you both my eyes ache as they ne'er  
before oak.

With your voice my ears ring,  
And a sweeter ne'er rung,  
Like a bird's on the wing  
When at morn it has wung.  
And gladness to me it doth bring, such as never  
voice brung.

My feelings I'd write,  
But they cannot be wrote,  
And who can indite  
What was never indote ?  
And my love I hasten to plight — the first that I  
plote.

Yes, you I would choose,  
Whom I long ago chose,

## CONJUGAL CONJUGATIONS.

And my fond spirit sues  
As it never yet sose,  
And ever on you do I muse, as never man mose.

The house where you bide  
Is a blessed abode ;  
Sure, my hopes I can't hide,  
For they will not be hode,  
And no person living has sighed, as, darling, I've  
sode.

Your glances they shine  
As no others have shone,  
And all else I'd resign  
That a man could resone,  
And surely no other could pine as I lately have pone.

And don't you forget  
You will ne'er be forgot,  
You never should fret  
As at times you have frot,  
I would chase all the cares that beset, if they ever  
besot.

For you I would weave  
Songs that never were wove,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And deeds I'd achieve  
Which no man arove,  
And for me you never should grieve, as for you  
have grove.

I'm as worthy a catch  
As ever was caught.  
O, your answer I watch  
As a man never waught,  
And we'd make the most elegant match as ever was  
maught.

Let my longings not sink;  
I would die if they sunk.  
O, I ask you to think  
As you never have thunk,  
And our fortunes and lives let us link, as no lives  
could be lunk.

AMERICUS WELLINGTON BELLAW.

*The Ballad of the Green Old Man.*

IT was a balmeous day in May, when spring was  
springing high  
And all amid the buttercups the bees did butter-  
fly;  
While the butterflies were being enraptured in the  
flowers,  
And winsome frogs were singing soft morals to the  
showers.

Green were the emerald grasses which grew upon  
the plain,  
And green too were the verdant boughs which  
rippled in the rain,  
Far green likewise the apple hue which clad the dis-  
tant hill,  
But at the station sat a man who looked far greener  
still.

An ancient man, a boy-like man, a person mild and  
meek,  
A being who had little tongue, and nary bit of  
cheek.

And while upon him pleasant-like I saw the ladies  
look,  
He sat a-counting money in a brownsome pocket-  
book.

Then to him a policeman spoke: "Unless you feel  
too proud,  
You'd better stow away that cash while you're in  
this here crowd;  
There's many a chap about this spot who'd clean you  
out like ten."  
"And can it be," exclaimed the man, "there are  
such wicked men?"

"Then I will put my greenbacks up all in my pocket-  
book,  
And keep it buttoned very tight, and at the button  
look."  
He said it with a simple tone, and gave a simple  
smile —  
You never saw a half-grown shad one-half so void of  
guile.

And the bumble-bees kept bumbling away among the  
flowers,  
While distant frogs were frogging amid the summer  
showers,

## THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

And the tree-toads were tree-toadying in accents  
sharp or flat—

All nature seemed a-naturing as there the old man  
sat.

Then up and down the platform promiscuous he  
strayed,

Amid the waiting passengers he took his lemonade,  
A-making little kind remarks unto them all at sight,  
Until he met two travellers who looked cosmopolite.

Now even as the old was green, this pair were  
darkly-brown;

They seemed to be of that degree which sports about  
the town,

Amid terrestrial mice, I ween, their destiny was  
Cat;

If ever men were gonoffs,<sup>1</sup> I should say these two  
were that.

And they had watched that old man well with inter-  
ested look,

And gazed him counting greenbacks in that brown-  
some pocket-book;

<sup>1</sup> Gonoffs, a Scriptural term for a Member of the Legislature, or  
suchlike.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And the elder softly warbled with benevolential  
phiz,  
"Green peas has come to market, and the veg'tables  
is riz."

Yet still across the heavenly sky the clouds went  
clouding on,  
The rush upon the gliding brook kept rushing all  
alone,  
While the ducks upon the water were a-ducking just  
the same,  
And every mortal human man kept on his little game.

And the old man to the strangers very affable let  
slip  
How that jealousy policeman had given him the  
tip,  
And how his cash was buttoned in his pocket dark  
and dim,  
And how he guessed no man alive on earth could  
gammon him.

In ardent conversation ere long the three were  
steeped,  
And in that good man's confidence the younger party  
deeped.

## THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

The p'liceman, as he shadowed them, exclaimed in  
blossoming rage,  
"They're stuffin' of that duck, I guess, and leavin'  
out the sage."

He saw the game distinctly, and inspected how it  
took,  
And watched the reappearance of that brownsome  
pocket-book,  
And how that futile ancient, ere he buttoned up his  
coat,  
Had interchanged, obliging-like, a greensome col-  
oured note.

And how they parted tenderly, and how the happy  
twain  
Went out into the Infinite by taking of the train;  
Then up the blue policeman came, and said, "My  
ancient son,  
Now you have gone and did it; say what have you  
been and done?"

And unto him the good old man replied with child-  
ish glee,  
"They were as nice a two young men as I did ever  
see;

But they were in such misery their story made me  
cry;  
So I lent 'em twenty dollars — which they'll pay me  
by and bye.

“But as I had no twenty, we also did arrange,  
They got from me a fifty bill, and gimme thirty  
change;  
But they will send that fifty back, and by to-morrow's  
train — ”  
“That note,” out cried the constable, “you'll never  
see again.”

“And that,” exclaimed the sweet old man, “I hope I  
never may,  
Because I do not care a cuss how far it keeps  
away;  
For if I'm a judge of money, and I *reether* think I  
am,  
The one I shoved was never worth a continental  
dam.

“They hev wandered with their sorrers into the  
sunny South,  
They hev got uncommon swallows and an extra lot  
of mouth.

## THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN OLD MAN.

In the next train to the North'ard I expect to widely  
    roam,  
And if any come inquirin', jist say I ain't at home."

The p'liceman lifted up his glance unto the sunny  
    skies,  
I s'pose the light was fervent, for a tear were in his  
    eyes,  
And said, "If in your travels a hat store you should  
    see,  
Just buy yourself a beaver tile and charge that tile to  
    me."

While the robins were a-robbing acrost the meadow  
    gay,  
And the pigeons still a-pigeoning among the gleam  
    of May,  
All out of doors kept out of doors as suchlike only  
    can,  
A-singing of an endless hymn about that good old  
    man.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

### *The Stuttering Lass.*

WHEN deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,  
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,  
I would always endeavor to please her.  
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering  
lass  
Said never a word except "You're an ass —  
An ass — an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,  
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;  
For often, in obvious dudgeon,  
She'd say if I ventured to give her a jog  
In the way of reproof — "You're a dog — you're a  
dog —  
A dog — a dog-matic curmudgeon!"

And once when I said, "We can hardly afford  
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,"  
And hinted we ought to be wiser,  
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,  
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew — you're a Jew —  
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

## THE STUTTERING LASS.

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk  
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,  
I begged her to go to a neighbor,  
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,  
And saucily said, " You're a cus — cus — cus —  
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor ! "

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,  
And feeling that madame was greatly to blame  
To scold me instead of caressing,  
I mimicked her speech — like a churl that I am —  
And angrily said, " You're a dam — dam — dam —  
A dam-age instead of a blessing ! "

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

*Too Great a Sacrifice.*

THE maid, as by the papers doth appear,  
Whom fifty thousand dollars made so dear,  
To test Lothario's passion, simply said :  
"Forego the weed before we go to wed.  
For smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's bright  
fanner :  
To have your Anna, give up your Havana."  
But he, when thus she brought him to the scratch,  
Lit his cigar, and threw away his match.

ANONYMOUS.

## THE BALLAD OF HIRAM HOVER.

### *The Ballad of Hiram Hover.<sup>1</sup>*

AFTER J—— G—— W——.

WHERE the Moosatockmaguntic  
Pours its waters in the Skuntic,  
Met, along the forest-side,  
Hiram Hover, Huldah Hyde.

She, a maiden fair and dapper,  
He, a red-haired, stalwart trapper,  
Hunting beaver, mink, and skunk,  
In the woodlands of Squeedunk.

She, Pentucket's pensive daughter,  
Walked beside the Skuntic water,  
Gathering, in her apron wet,  
Snakeroot, mint, and bouncing-bet.

"Why," he murmured, loath to leave her,  
"Gather yarbs for chills and fever,  
When a lovyer, bold and true,  
Only waits to gather you?"

<sup>1</sup> "The Echo Club."

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

"Go," she answered, "I'm not hasty;  
I prefer a man more tasty:  
Leastways, one to please me well  
Should not have a beastly smell."

"Haughty Huldah!" Hiram answered;  
"Mind and heart alike are cancered:  
Jest look here! these peltries give  
Cash, wherefrom a pair may live."

"I, you think, am but a vagrant,  
Trapping beasts by no means fragrant;  
Yet—I'm sure it's worth a thank—  
I've a handsome sum in bank."

Turned and vanished Hiram Hover;  
And before the year was over,  
Huldah, with the yarbs she sold,  
Bought a cape, against the cold.

Black and thick the furry cape was;  
Of a stylish cut the shape was;  
And the girls in all the town,  
Envied Huldah up and down.

Then, at last, one winter morning,  
Hiram came, without a warning:

N. Y. State

envolving L.P.



BAYARD TAYLOR



## THE BALLAD OF HIRAM HOVER.

"Either," said he, "you are blind,  
Huldah, or you've changed your mind.

"Me you snub for trapping varmints,  
Yet you take the skins for garments:  
Since you wear the skunk and mink,  
There's no harm in me, I think."

"Well," said she, "we will not quarrel  
Hiram: I accept the moral.  
Now the fashion's so, I guess,  
I can't hardly do no less."

Thus the trouble all was over  
Of the love of Hiram Hover;  
Thus he made sweet Huldah Hyde  
Huldah Hover, as his bride.

Love employs, with equal favor,  
Things of good and evil savor;  
That, which first appeared to part,  
Warmed, at last, the maiden's heart.

Under one impartial banner,  
Life, the hunter, Love, the tanner,  
Draw, from every beast they snare,  
Comfort for a wedded pair!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

*The Hasty Pudding.<sup>1</sup>*

(Published 1796.)

CANTO I.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that  
rise

To cramp the day and hide me from the skies ;  
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,  
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,  
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,  
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,  
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire  
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.

Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,  
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field ;  
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing  
Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring ;  
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,  
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.  
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,  
My morning incense, and my evening meal,  
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,

<sup>1</sup> Somewhat abridged.

## THE HASTY PUDDING.

Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.  
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,  
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,  
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,  
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song,  
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,  
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,  
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,  
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name  
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame;  
But, rising grateful to the accustom'd ear,  
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere.

Assist me first with pious toil to trace,  
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race;  
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,  
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore,)  
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame  
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.  
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,  
First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried  
maize,

Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,  
In boiling water stir the yellow flour;  
The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,  
Swells in the flood, and thickens to a paste,  
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim ;  
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,  
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

### CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,  
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,  
To make mankind to social virtue sour,  
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour ;  
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,  
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook ;  
Children no more their antic gambols tried,  
And friends to physic wonder'd why they died.

Not so the Yankee ; his abundant feast  
With simples furnish'd, and with plainness dress'd,  
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,  
And cheers alike the servant and the lord,  
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous  
taste,

And health attends them from the short repast.  
While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,  
The mother sees the morning caldron boil :  
To stir the pudding next demands their care,  
To spread the table, and the bowls prepare ;  
To feed the children as their portions cool,  
And comb their heads and send them off to school.

. . . . .

## THE HASTY PUDDING.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,  
And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.  
A wholesome dish and well deserving praise,  
A great resource in those bleak, wintry days  
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,  
And raging Boreas drives the shivering cow.

Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,  
Great source of health, the only source of joy;  
How oft thy teats these precious hands have  
press'd!

How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!  
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!  
And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!

Ye swains, who know her various worth to prize,  
Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.  
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,  
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;  
When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,  
And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk then with pudding I would always choose;  
To this in future I confine my muse,  
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,  
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.  
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,  
Then drop with care along the silver lake  
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide



*The American Traveller.*

TO Lake Aghmoogenegamook  
All in the State of Maine,  
A man from Wittequergaugaum came  
One evening in the rain.

“ I am a traveller,” said he,  
“ Just started on a tour,  
And go to Nomjamskillicook  
To-morrow morn at four.”

He took a tavern-bed that night,  
And, with the morrow's sun,  
By way of Sekledobskus went,  
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week passed on, and next we find  
Our native tourist come  
To that sequestered village called  
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,  
And there — quite tired of Maine —

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

He sought the mountains of Vermont,  
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, in the Green Mount State,  
Was his first stopping-place ;  
And then Skunk's Misery displayed  
Its sweetness and its grace,

By easy stages then he went  
To visit Devil's Den ;  
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way,  
Did come within his ken.

Then *via* Nine Holes and Goose Green  
He travelled through the State ;  
And to Virginia, finally,  
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds,  
He wandered up and down ;  
To-day, at Buzzard Roost ensconced,  
To-morrow, at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,  
Till friends from Bull Ring came,  
And made him spend a day with them  
In hunting forest-game.

THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,  
To Dog Town next he went ;  
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,  
Where half a day he spent.

From thence, into Negationburg  
His route of travel lay ;  
Which having gained, he left the State,  
And took a southward way.

North Carolina's friendly soil  
He trod at fall of night,  
And, on a bed of softest down,  
He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,  
To Lousy Level bound ;  
At Bull's Tail, and Lick Lizard, too,  
Good provender he found.

The country all about Pinch Gut  
So beautiful did seem  
That the beholder thought it like  
A picture in a dream.

But the plantations near Burnt Coat  
Were even finer still,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And made the wondering tourist feel  
A soft, delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery  
Most charming did appear,  
With Snatch It in the distance far,  
And Purgatory near.

But, spite of all these pleasant scenes,  
The tourist stoutly swore  
That home is brightest, after all,  
And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway ;  
A little wife he took ;  
And now is making Nutmegs at  
Moosehimagunticook.

ROBERT HENRY NEWELL.

*The Masher.*

IT was in the Indian summer-time, when life is  
tender brown,  
And people in the country talk of going into town,  
When the nights are crisp and cooling, though the  
sun is warm by day,  
In the home-like town of Glasgow, in the State of  
Iowa;

It was in the railroad deepô of that greatly favored  
zone,  
That a young man met a stranger, who was still not  
all unknown,  
For they had run-counter'd casual in riding in the  
car,  
And the latter to the previous had offered a cigar.

Now as the primal gentleman was nominated Gale,  
It follows that the secondary man was Mr. Dale;  
This is called poetic justice when arrangements fit  
in time,  
And Fate allows the titles to accommodate in  
rhyme.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And a lovely sense of autumn seemed to warble in  
the air ;  
Boys with baskets selling peaches were vibratin'  
everywhere,  
While in the mellow distance folks were gettin' in  
their corn,  
And the biggest yellow punkins ever seen since you  
were born.

Now a gradual sensation emotioned this our Gale,  
That he'd seldom seen so fine a man for cheek as  
Mr. Dale :  
Yet simultaneous he felt that he was all the while  
The biggest dude and cock-a-hoop within a hundred  
mile.

For the usual expression of his quite enormous eyes  
Was that of two ripe gooseberries who've been  
decreed a prize ;  
Like a goose apart from berries, too — though not  
removed from sauce —  
He conversed on lovely Woman as if he were all her  
boss.

Till, in fact, he stated plainly that, between his face  
and cash,  
There was not a lady living whom he was not sure to  
mash ;

## THE MASHER.

The wealthiest, the loveliest, of families sublime,  
At just a single look from him must all give in in  
time.

Now when our Dale had got along so far upon the  
strain,

They saw a Dream of Loveliness descending from  
the train,

A proud and queenly beauty of a transcendental face,  
With gloves unto her shoulders, and the most expen-  
sive lace.

All Baltimore and New Orleans seemed centred into  
one,

As if their stars of beauty had been fused into a  
sun ;

But, oh ! her frosty dignity expressed a kind of glow  
Like sunshine when thermometers show thirty grades  
below.

But it flashed a gleam of shrewdness into the head of  
Gale,

And with aggravatin' humor he exclaimed to Mr.  
Dale,

"Since every girl's a cricket-ball and you're the only  
bat,

If you want to show you're champion, go in and  
mash on that.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

"I will bet a thousand dollars, and plank them on  
the rub,  
That if you try it thither, you will catch a lofty snub.  
I don't mean but what a lady may reply to what you  
say,  
But I bet you cannot win her into wedding in a day."

A singular emotion enveloped Mr. Dale ;  
One would say he seemed confuseled, for his counte-  
nance was pale :  
At first there came an angry look, and when that  
look did get,  
He larft a wild and hollow larf, and said, " I take  
the bet.

"The brave deserve the lovely — every woman may  
be won ;  
What men have fixed before us may by other men  
be done.  
You will lose your thousand dollars. For the first  
time in my life  
I have gazed upon a woman whom I wish to make  
my wife."

Like a terrier at a rabbit, with his hat upon his eyes  
Mr. Dale, the awful masher, went head-longing at  
the prize,

## THE MASHER.

Looking rather like a party simply bent to break the peace.

Mr. Gale, with smiles, expected just a yell for the police.

Oh! what are women made of? Oh! what can women be?

From Eves to Jersey Lilies what bewildering sights we see!

One listened on the instant to all the Serpent said;  
The other paid attention right away to Floral Ned.

With a blow as with a hammer the intruder broke the ice,

And the proud and queenly beauty seemed to think it awful nice.

Mr. Gale, as he beheld it, with a trembling heart began

To realize he really was a most astonished man.

Shall I tell you how he wooed her? Shall I tell you how he won?

How they had a hasty wedding ere the evening was done?

For when all things were considered, the fond couple thought it best —

Such things are not uncommon in the wild and rapid West.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Dale obtained the thousand dollars, and then vanished with the dream.

Gale stayed in town with sorrow, like a spoon behind the cream ;

Till one morning in the paper he read, though not in rhymes,

How a certain blooming couple had been married fifty times !

How they wandered o'er the country ; how the bridegroom used to bet

He would wed the girl that evening, — how he always pulled the debt ;

How his eyes were large and greensome ; how, in fact, to end the tale,

Their very latest victim was a fine young man named Gale.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

CONSTANCY.

*Constancy.*

“YOU gave me the key of your heart, my  
love;

Then why do you make me knock?”

“Oh, that was yesterday, Saints above!

And last night — I changed the lock!”

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

*The Retort.*

OLD NICK, who taught the village school,  
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;  
He was as stubborn as a mule,  
She was as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,  
Before her husband sought to make her  
The pink of country-polished life,  
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,  
And simple Jenny sadly missed him;  
When he returned, behind her lord  
She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!

The husband's anger rose!—and red  
And white his face alternate grew!  
“Less freedom, ma'am!” Jane sighed and said,  
“*Oh, dear! I didn't know 'twas you!*”

GEORGE POPE MORRIS.

## EPIGRAM.

### Epigram.<sup>1</sup>

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO ASKED FOR HIS NAME IN  
HER ALBUM.

YOU ask for my name! ah, dear madam, you  
palter

With the hopes I have felt, as you well understand.  
If you wish for my name, it is yours at the altar:

I'll give you my name when you give me your  
hand.

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE.

<sup>1</sup> From "Lyrics by the Letter H," 1854.

## Why Sammy Left the Farm.

*Century Magazine.*

NOPE, I reckon 'tain't no problem why our Sammy  
went away :  
Farmin' ain't no great inducement fer a' active boy  
to stay ;  
There's a pack o' pesky troubles scattered all along  
the road,  
And a feller gets roun'-shouldered sorter pickin' up  
the load.

Poets sing the "independence of a farmer's life," of  
course ;  
But the bulk o' them there poets never drove a balky  
horse,  
Never tried to cure his habit with some new-dis-  
covered rule,  
Ner to break the brute from kickin', ner to trade him  
fer a mule.

I'd jest like to see a poet come a-strayin' up this road  
Some day when ol' Bill is balkin' an' we're pitchin'  
off the load ;

## WHY SAMMY LEFT THE FARM.

He might make me up some meters thet 'u'd start the  
cuss; an' then  
He c'u'd try his hand at stanzies thet 'u'd break a  
settin' hen, —

Somethin' better than a banner of red flannel to her  
tail, —  
Er an ode to stop her scratchin' when ol' stockin'-feet  
'u'd fail.  
He might borry inspiration fer a' epic, an' indite  
Somethin' better than a hoss-trough to break up a  
rooster fight.

He c'u'd write a master sonnet that 'u'd keep the  
tramps away;  
He might cure the cow of jumpin' with some never-  
failin' lay,  
Er her tarnal tail from switchin' when it comes to  
milkin'-time;  
Er discourage hawks and varmints with some new  
an' fatal rhyme.

I would set him to composin' in the "pearly dews of  
morn"  
Somethin' better than a scarecrow to perfect the  
early corn,

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Er a goose-yoke fer the medders, er than rings fer  
rootin' hogs,  
Somethin' hotter than red pepper ez a cure fer suck-  
aig dogs.

Mebbe he c'u'd stop a freshet with his stanzies, an'  
again,  
In the scorchin' drouth of August he might fetch a  
soakin' rain;  
An' we'd welcome that there poet with a most re-  
joicin' shout  
If he'd make us up some po'try that 'u'd knock the  
chinch-bugs out.

Nope, it ain't no special problem why our Sammy  
went away:  
Boys thet's seen the things I've spoke of ain't  
a-hankerin' to stay;  
An' we're not a-blamin' Sammy, after all is said an'  
done,  
Fer he got chock-full o' po'try 'fore he got to twenty-  
one.

Ner fer takin' it to market to dispose of it, you  
see;  
An' he's printin' it in papers, which he's sendin' home  
to me;

## WHY SAMMY LEFT THE FARM.

An' when mother sets and reads 'em out, I tell her,  
with a laugh,  
That I wish he'd write a poem that 'u'd break our  
suckin' calf.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

*Let Us Alone.*

A REMINISCENCE OF "THE LATE ONPLEASANT-  
NESS."

AS vonce I valked by a dismal swamp,  
There sot an Old Cove in the dark and damp,  
And at everybody as passed that road  
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed;  
And venever he flung his stick or his stone,  
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy  
These bits of things at the passers-by;  
Let me alone, for I've got your tin,  
And lots of other traps snugly in;  
Let me alone, — I am rigging a boat  
To grab votever you've got afloat;  
In a veek or so I expects to come  
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome;  
I'm a quiet Old Cove," says he, with a groan;  
"All I axes is, Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self-same vay,  
Another Old Cove, and began for to say, —

## LET US ALONE.

“ Let you alone ! That’s comin’ it strong !  
You’ve *ben* let alone — a darned site too long !  
Of all the sarce that ever I heerd !  
Put down that stick ! (You may well look  
skeered.)

Let go that stone ! If you once show fight,  
I’ll knock you higher than any kite.  
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,  
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks ;  
And I’ll have my hardware back, and my cash,  
And knock your scow into tarnal smash ;  
And if ever I catches you round my ranch,  
I’ll string you up to the nearest branch.  
The best you can do is to go to bed,  
And keep a decent tongue in your head ;  
For I reckon, before you and I are done,  
You’ll wish you had let honest folks alone.”

The Old Cove stopped, and t’other Old Cove,  
He sot quite still in his cypress grove,  
And he looked at his stick, revolvin’ slow,  
Vether ’twere safe to shy it, or no ;  
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,  
“ All that I axed vos, *Let me alone.*”

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Widow Bedott to Elder Sniffles.<sup>1</sup>

O REVEREND sir, I do declare  
It drives me most to frenzy,  
To think of you a-lying there  
Down sick with influenzy.

A body 'd thought it was enough  
To mourn your wife's departer,  
Without sich trouble as this ere  
To come a-follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction  
Are sent by a wise creation,  
And always ought to be underwent  
By patience and resignation.

O, I could to your bedside fly,  
And wipe your weeping eyes,  
And do my best to cure you up,  
If 'twouldn't create surprise.

It's a world of trouble we tarry in,  
But, Elder, don't despair ;

<sup>1</sup> From "The Widow Bedott Papers."

WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

That you may soon be movin' again  
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend  
You'll never be forgot  
By your faithful and affectionate friend,  
Priscilla Pool Bedott.  
FRANCES MIRIAM WHITCHER.

*The Fly.*

A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

BABY Bye,  
Here's a fly:  
Let us watch him, you and I.  
How he crawls  
Up the walls —  
Yet he never falls!  
I believe, with those six legs,  
You and I could walk on eggs!  
There he goes,  
On his toes,  
Tickling Baby's nose!

Spots of red  
Dot his head:  
Rainbows on his wings are spread!  
That small speck  
Is his neck;  
See him nod and beck!  
I can show you, if you choose,  
Where to look to find his shoes:

## THE FLY.

Three small pairs  
Made of hairs —  
These he always wears.

Black and brown  
Is his gown ;  
He can wear it upside down !  
It is laced  
Round his waist ;  
I admire his taste.  
Pretty as his clothes are made,  
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,  
If to-night  
He gets sight  
Of the candle-light !

In the sun  
Webs are spun :  
What if he gets into one !  
When it rains  
He complains  
On the window-panes.  
Tongues to talk have you and I :  
God has given the little Fly  
No such things ;  
So he sings  
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat  
Bread and meat ;  
See his mouth between his feet !  
On his back  
Hangs a sack,  
Like a peddler's pack.  
Does the Baby understand ?  
Then the Fly shall kiss her hand !  
Put a crumb  
On her thumb :  
Maybe he will come !

Round and round,  
On the ground,  
On the ceiling he is found.  
Catch him? No :  
Let him go :  
Never hurt him so !  
Now you see his wings of silk  
Drabbled in the Baby's milk !  
Fie, oh, fie !  
Foolish Fly !  
How will he get dry ?

All wet flies  
Twist their thighs,  
So they wipe their heads and eyes.

## THE FLY.

Cats, you know,  
Wash just so :  
Then their whiskers grow.  
Flies have hair too short to comb !  
Flies go barehead out from home !  
But the Gnat  
Wears a hat :  
Do you laugh at that ?

Flies can see  
More than we —  
So how bright their eyes must be !  
Little Fly,  
Mind your eye —  
Spiders are near by !  
Now a secret let me tell :  
Spiders will not treat you well !  
So I say  
Heed your way !  
Little Fly, good day !

THEODORE TILTON.

**June 21st.**

*Century Magazine.*

**S**AID he: "Did you recollect, my dear,  
That this is the longest day in the year,  
And so happy a one, that I'll never regret it?"  
"I did know," said she, "but you made me forget it!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

### Reflections on Cleopathera's Needle.

SO that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad,  
An' a quare lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;  
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had  
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it  
around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad  
Wid a needle like that in her hand! I declare  
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,  
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a needle of granite!  
Begorra, the sight of it sthrikes me quite dumb!  
An' look at the quare sort of figures upon it;  
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb!

I once was astonished to hear of the faste  
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now  
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste  
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It's aisy to see why bould Cæsar should quail  
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;  
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail  
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn  
MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,  
Compared with the monstherers they must have been  
then!  
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,  
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the  
men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start  
If his girl was to prod him wid that in the shins!  
I have often seen needles, but bouldly assart  
That the needle in front of me there takes the  
pins!

O, sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;  
An' whin lavin' this wondherful needle behind  
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread  
An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been  
kind.

## REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATHERA'S NEEDLE.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men,

Yer strenth is departed, yer glory is past ;

Ye'll never wield sceptre or needle again,

An' a poor little asp did yer bizzness at last !

\* CORMAC O'LEARY.

Two Sisters.

ONE morning when Spring was in her teens —  
A morn to a poet's wishing,  
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens —  
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,  
With my face at the sun-tan's mercy;  
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,  
And her nose tipped — *vice versa*.

I with my rod, my reel, and my hooks,  
And a hamper for lunching recesses;  
She with the bait of her comely looks,  
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat us down on the sunny dike,  
Where the white pond-lilies teeter,  
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,  
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,  
And dreamily watched and waited,

## TWO FISHERS.

But the fish were cunning and would not rise,  
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time of departure came,  
My bag hung flat as a flounder;  
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game —  
A hundred-and-fifty-pounder.

ANONYMOUS.

*My Familiar.*

AGAIN I hear that creaking step—  
He's rapping at the door!—  
Too well I know the boding sound  
That ushers in a bore.  
I do not tremble when I meet  
The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the friend  
Who comes — but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,  
And asks about the news;  
He peers into my manuscript,  
And gives his candid views;  
He tells me where he likes the line,  
And where he's forced to grieve;  
He takes the strangest liberties, —  
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through  
Before I've seen a word;  
He scans the lyric (that I wrote)  
And thinks it quite absurd;

## MY FAMILIAR.

He calmly smokes my last cigar,  
And coolly asks for more ;  
He opens everything he sees —  
Except the entry door !

He talks about his fragile health,  
And tells me of his pains ;  
He suffers from a score of ills  
Of which he ne'er complains ;  
And how he struggled once with death  
To keep the fiend at bay ;  
On themes like those away he goes —  
But never goes away !

He tells me of the carping words  
Some shallow critic wrote ;  
And every precious paragraph  
Familiarly can quote ;  
He thinks the writer did me wrong ;  
He'd like to run him through !  
He says a thousand pleasant things —  
But never says " Adieu ! "

Whene'er he comes — that dreadful man —  
Disguise it as I may,  
I know that, like an Autumn rain,  
He'll last throughout the day.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

In vain I speak of urgent tasks;  
In vain I scowl and pout;  
A frown is no extinguisher, —  
It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,  
Put crape upon the door,  
Or hint to John that I am gone  
To stay a month or more.  
I do not tremble when I meet  
The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the friend  
Who never, never goes!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

*Similar Cases.*

THERE was once a little animal,  
No bigger than a fox,  
And on five toes he scampered  
Over Tertiary rocks.  
They called him Eohippus,  
And they called him very small,  
And they thought him of no value —  
When they thought of him at all;  
For the lumpish old Dinoceras  
And Coryphodon so slow  
Were the heavy aristocracy  
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,  
“I am going to be a horse!  
And on my middle finger-nails  
To run my earthly course!  
I’m going to have a flowing tail!  
I’m going to have a mane!  
I’m going to stand fourteen hands high  
On the psychozoic plain!”

The Coryphodon was horrified,  
 The Dinoceras was shocked ;  
 And they chased young Eohippus,  
 But he skipped away and mocked.  
 Then they laughed enormous laughter,  
 And they groaned enormous groans,  
 And they bade young Eohippus  
 Go view his father's bones.  
 Said they, " You always were as small  
 And mean as now we see,  
 And that's conclusive evidence  
 That you're always going to be.  
 What ! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,  
 With hoofs to gallop on ?  
*Why ! You'd have to change your nature ! "*  
 Said the Loxolophodon.  
 They considered him disposed of,  
 And retired with gait serene ;  
 That was the way they argued  
 In " the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,  
 Far smarter than the rest,  
 And everything that they could do  
 He always did the best ;  
 So they naturally disliked him,  
 And they gave him shoulders cool,

## SIMILAR CASES.

And when they had to mention him  
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,  
"I'm going to be a Man!  
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,  
And conquer all I can!  
I'm going to cut down forest trees,  
To make my houses higher!  
I'm going to kill the Mastodon!  
I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes  
With laughter wild and gay;  
They tried to catch that boastful one,  
But he always got away.  
So they yelled at him in chorus,  
Which he minded not a whit;  
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,  
Which didn't seem to hit.  
And then they gave him reasons  
Which they thought of much avail,  
To prove how his preposterous  
Attempt was sure to fail.  
Said the sages, "In the first place,  
The thing cannot be done!  
And, second, if it *could* be,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It would not be any fun !  
And, third, and most conclusive,  
And admitting no reply,  
*You would have to change your nature !*  
We should like to see you try !”  
They chuckled then triumphantly,  
These lean and hairy shapes,  
For these things passed as arguments  
With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,  
An enterprising wight,  
Who made his chopping implements  
Unusually bright.  
Unusually clever he,  
Unusually brave,  
And he drew delightful Mammoths  
On the borders of his cave.  
To his Neolithic neighbors,  
Who were startled and surprised,  
Said he, “ My friends, in course of time,  
We shall be civilized !  
We are going to live in cities !  
We are going to fight in wars !  
We are going to eat three times a day  
Without the natural cause !  
We are going to turn life upside down

## SIMILAR CASES.

About a thing called gold !  
We are going to want the earth, and take  
As much as we can hold !  
We are going to wear great piles of stuff  
Outside our proper skins !  
We are going to have Diseases !  
And Accomplishments !! And Sins !!!

Then they all rose up in fury  
Against their boastful friend,  
For prehistoric patience  
Cometh quickly to an end.  
Said one, " This is chimerical !  
Utopian ! Absurd ! "  
Said another, " What a stupid life !  
Too dull, upon my word ! "  
Cried all, " Before such things can come,  
You idiotic child,  
*You must alter Human Nature !*"  
And they all sat back and smiled.  
Thought they, " An answer to that last  
It will be hard to find ! "  
It was a clinching argument  
To the Neolithic Mind !

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

*To the Pliocene Skull.*

A GEOLOGICAL ADDRESS.

“SPEAK, O man, less recent! Fragmentary  
fossil!

Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,  
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum  
Of volcanic tufa!

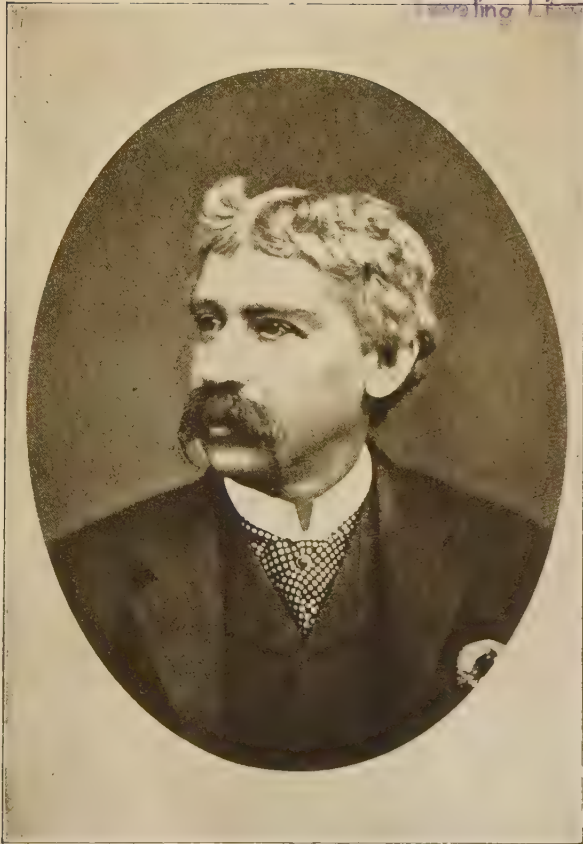
“Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;  
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;  
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions  
Of earth's epidermis!

“Eo — Mio — Plio — whatsoe'er the 'cene' was  
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and  
wonder, —  
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches, —  
Tell us thy strange story!

“Or has the professor slightly antedated  
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,  
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted  
For cold-blooded creatures?

N. Y. State

Reading Library



FRANCIS BRET HARTE



## TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL.

“Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest  
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria  
Reared its columned trunks in that remote and  
distant

Carboniferous epoch?

“Tell us of that scene, — the dim and watery wood-  
land

Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect  
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall  
club-mosses,

Lycopodiacea, —

“When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,  
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,  
While from time to time above thee flew and circled  
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

“Tell us of thy food, — these half-marine reflections,  
Crinoids on the shell and Brachipods *au naturel*, —  
Cuttle-fish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo  
Seems a periwinkle.

“Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth’s creation, —  
Solitary fragment of remains organic!  
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence, —  
Speak! thou oldest primate!”

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,  
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,  
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,  
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,  
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,  
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs

Of expectoration :

“Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was  
busted  
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County,  
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces  
Home to old Missouri !”

BRET HARTE.

*What Mr. Robinson Thinks.*

GUVENER B. is a sensible man ;  
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;  
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

My ! ain't it terrible ? Wut shall we du ?  
We can't never choose him o' course, — thet's flat ;  
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you ?)  
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;  
Fer John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

GINERAL C. is a dreffle smart man :  
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;  
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan, —  
He's ben true to *one* party, — an' thet is him-  
self ; —

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

So John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he shall vote fer Ginerel C.

Ginerel C. he goes in fer the war ;  
He don't vally principle more'n an old cud ;  
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,  
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?  
So John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez he shall vote fer Ginerel C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,  
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,  
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,  
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,  
An' President Polk, you know, *he* is our country.  
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book  
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;  
An' John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

## WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;  
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, farw, fum* :  
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies  
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez it ain't no sech thing ; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life  
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail  
coats,  
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,  
To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes ;  
But John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us  
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I  
vow, —  
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,  
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;  
Fer John P.  
Robinson he  
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee !  
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*The Modern Belle.*

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,  
And rocks in her easy chair;  
She is clad in silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair;  
She winks and giggles and simpers,  
And simpers and giggles and winks;  
And though she talks but little,  
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning  
Till nearly the hour of noon,  
Then comes down snapping and snarling  
Because she was called so soon;  
Her hair is still in papers,  
Her cheeks still fresh with paint, —  
Remains of her last night's blushes,  
Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,  
And men with "flowing hair;"  
She's eloquent over mustaches,  
They give such a foreign air.

## THE MODERN BELLE.

She talks of Italian music,  
And falls in love with the moon;  
And, if a mouse were to meet her,  
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,  
Her hands are so very white,  
Her jewels so very heavy,  
And her head so very light;  
Her color is made of cosmetics  
(Though this she will never own),  
Her body is made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow  
Who swells with a foreign air;  
He marries her for her money,  
She marries him for his hair!  
One of the very best matches, —  
Both are well mated in life;  
*She's got a fool for a husband,*  
*He's got a fool for a wife!*

ANONYMOUS.

*The New House.<sup>1</sup>*

MY worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott,  
From business snug withdrawn,  
Was much contented with a lot  
That would contain a Tudor cot  
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-plot,  
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business on the shelf  
To give his taste expansion,  
And, since no man, retired with pelf,  
The building mania can shun,  
Knott, being middle-aged himself,  
Resolved to build (unhappy elf !)  
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel ;  
" I want," said he, " a — you know what,  
(You are a builder, I am Knott,)  
A thing complete from chimney-pot  
Down to the very grounself ;  
Here's a half-acre of good land ;

<sup>1</sup> From " The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott."

## THE NEW HOUSE.

Just have it nicely mapped and planned  
And make your workmen drive on ;  
Meadow there is, and upland too,  
And I should like a water-view,  
D'you think you could contrive one ?  
(Perhaps the pump and trough would do,  
If painted a judicious blue ? )  
The woodland I've attended to ; "  
(He meant three pines stuck up askew,  
Two dead ones and a live one.)

" A pocket-full of rocks 'twould take  
To build a house of freestone,  
But then it is not hard to make  
What nowadays is *the* stone ;  
The cunning painter in a trice  
Your house's outside petrifies,  
And people think it very gneiss  
Without inquiring deeper ;  
*My* money never shall be thrown  
Away on such a deal of stone  
When stone of deal is cheaper."

And so the greenest of antiques  
Was reared for Knott to dwell in :  
The architect worked hard for weeks  
In venting all his private peaks  
Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks

Had satisfied Fluellen ;  
 Whatever anybody had  
 Out of the common, good or bad,  
     Knott had it all worked well in ;  
 A donjon-keep, where clothes might dry,  
 A porter's lodge that was a sty,  
 A campanile slim and high,  
     Too small to hang a bell in ;  
 All up and down and here and there,  
 With Lord-knows-whats of round and square  
 Stuck on at random everywhere, —  
 It was a house to make one stare,  
     All corners and all gables ;  
 Like dogs let loose upon a bear,  
 Ten emulous styles *staboyed* with care,  
 The whole among them seemed to tear,  
 And all the oddities to spare  
     Were set upon the stables.

Knott was delighted with a pile  
     Approved by fashion's leaders :  
 (Only he made the builder smile,  
 By asking every little while,  
 Why that was called the Twodoor style,  
     Which certainly had *three* doors? )  
 Yet better for this luckless man  
 If he had put a downright ban

## THE NEW HOUSE.

Upon the thing *in limini*;  
For, though to quit affairs his plan,  
Ere many days, poor Knott began  
Perforce accepting draughts, that ran  
All ways — except up chimney;  
The house, though painted stone to mock,  
With nice white lines round every block,  
Some trepidation stood in,  
When tempests (with petrific shock,  
So to speak) made it really rock,  
Though not a whit less wooden;  
And painted stone, howe'er well done,  
Will not take in the prodigal sun  
Whose beams are never quite at one  
With our terrestrial lumber;  
So the wood shrank around the knots,  
And gaped in disconcerting spots,  
And there were lots of dots and rots  
And crannies without number,  
Wherethrough, as you may well presume,  
The wind, like water through a flume,  
Came rushing in ecstatic,  
Leaving, in all three floors, no room  
That was not a rheumatic.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No Wonder.

“NO wonder me darlin’ is cross-eyed,”  
Said love-sick young Pat to his mother,  
“For both of her eyes are so pretty  
That each wants to look at the other.”

FRANK TOURTELLOT EASTON.

A RHYME FOR PRISCILLA.

*A Rhyme for Priscilla.*

DEAR Priscilla, quaint, and very  
Like a modern Puritan,  
Is a modest, literary,  
Merry young American :  
Horace she has read, and Bion  
Is her favorite in Greek ;  
Shakespeare is a mighty lion  
In whose den she dares but peek ;  
Him she leaves to some sage Daniel,  
Since of lions she's afraid, —  
She prefers a playful spaniel,  
Such as Herrick or as Praed ;  
And it's not a bit satiric  
To confess her fancy goes  
From the epic to a lyric  
On a rose.

Wise Priscilla, dilettante,  
With a sentimental mind,  
Doesn't deign to dip in Dante,  
And to Milton isn't kind ;  
L'Allegro, Il Penseroso

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Have some merits she will grant,  
All the rest is only so-so, —  
Enter Paradise she can't !  
She might make a charming angel  
(And she will if she is good,  
But it's doubtful if the change'll  
Make the Epic understood):  
Honey-suckling, like a bee she  
Goes and pillages his sweets,  
And it's plain enough to see she  
Worships Keats.

Gay Priscilla, — just the person  
For the Locker whom she loves ;  
What a captivating verse on  
Her neat-fitting gowns or gloves  
He could write in catching measure,  
Setting all the heart astir !  
And to Aldrich what a pleasure  
It would be to sing of her, —  
He, whose perfect songs have won her  
Lips to quote them day by day.  
She repeats the rhymes of Bunner  
In a fascinating way,  
And you'll often find her lost in —  
She has reveries at times —

## A RHYME FOR PRISCILLA.

Some delightful one of Austin  
Dobson's rhymes.

O Priscilla, sweet Priscilla,  
Writing of you makes me think,  
As I burn my brown Manila  
And immortalize my ink,  
How well satisfied these poets  
Ought to be with what they do  
When, especially, they know it's  
Read by such a girl as you :  
I who sing of you would marry  
Just the kind of girl you are, —  
One who doesn't care to carry  
Her poetic taste too far, —  
One whose fancy is a bright one,  
Who is fond of poems fine,  
And appreciates a light one  
Such as mine.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

*Abraham and Ephraim.*

HE sermonized industriously in his didactic way,  
And moralized momentarily with Ephraim  
every day,  
And taught by tale and proverb and by every good  
device  
The virtuousness of virtue and the viciousness of vice.

His hortatory homilies, intended to impress  
The rightfulness of righteousness, the sin of sinfulness,  
Were ever hurled at Ephraim throughout the whole  
year long,  
That he might rightly comprehend the wrongfulness  
of wrong.

"A youth can grow up virtuous, if we but pay the  
price;  
If we but saturate his soul with showers of advice;  
If we instill," said Abraham, "perpetual truth in  
him —"  
And so in truth perpetually he soaked young Ephraim.

## ABRAHAM AND EPHRAIM.

The youth absorbed a sermon every morning ere he  
ate,  
On the awful reprobation of the awful reprobate;  
And he swallowed moral theses that were meant to  
edify,  
And he masticated maxims with his gingerbread and  
pie.

And 'twixt breakfast time and dinner the iniquity of  
sin  
Was taught to him industriously and patiently rubbed  
in;  
The turpitudness of turpitude was duly analyzed  
And the evil of depravity was loudly advertised.

And then right after dinner the enormity of crime  
And the wrong of immortality was preached till supper  
time.  
Then Abraham would sermonize through all the  
evening hours,  
And drench young Ephraim's consciousness in moral-  
istic showers.

Thus through cumulative precept did old Abraham  
desire  
Accumulative virtue should young Ephraim acquire;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

He taught him virtue endlessly, and waited long to  
see

How superlatively virtuous young Ephraim would be.

Thus maxim-goaded Ephraim found righteousness  
a bore.

For salve is but an irritant when jammed into a sore ;  
Even bread is innutritious if you resolutely cram  
An indiscriminate bakery down the bursting dia-  
phragm.

Thus by hortatory homilies did Abraham impress  
The wrongfulness of righteousness, the good of sin-  
fulness ;  
And taught by tale and proverb and by every good  
device,  
The viciousness of virtue and the virtuousness of vice.

Hence, Ephraim lived a reckless life and died a  
felon's death,  
But gave this vindication with his latest dying breath :  
" I have been sermonized to death ; I die, to speak  
precise,  
An unprotected victim of perpetual advice."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

## A WABAN RIPPLE.

### Q Waban Ripple.<sup>1</sup>

THE Wellesley girls say,  
As at vespers they pray:  
"Help us good maids to be;  
Give us patience to wait  
Till some subsequent date:  
World without men, — ah me!"

ANONYMOUS.

<sup>1</sup> "Cap and Gown."

**A Modern Martyrdom.**

THE Weverwend Awthur Murway Gween,  
They say is verwy clevah;  
And sister Wuth could heah him pweach,  
Fohevah and fohevah.  
And I went down to heah him pweach,  
With Wuth and my Annette,  
Upon the bwave, hewoic deaths  
The ancient mawtahs met;  
And as he wepwesented them,  
In all their acts and feachaws,  
The ancient mawtahs, dontcherknow?  
Were doocid clevah cweachaws.

But, aw deah me! They don't compah  
In twue hewoic bwavewy,  
To a bwave hewo fwiend of mine,  
Young Montmowenci Averwy.  
He earned foah dollahs everwy week,  
And not anothah coppah;  
But this bwave soul wesolved to dwess  
Pwe-eminently pwoppah.

## A MODERN MARTYRDOM.

So this was all the food each day,  
The bwave young cweachaw had —  
One glaws of milk, a cigawette,  
Foah cwackers, and some bwead.

He lived on foahteen cents a day,  
And cherwished one great passion :  
The pwecious pwoject of his soul,  
Of being dwessed in fashion.  
But when he'd earned a suit entiah,  
To his supweme chagwin,  
Just then did shawt-tailed coats go out,  
And long-tailed coats come in ;  
But naught could bwreak his wigid will,  
And now, I pway you, note,  
That he gave up his glaws of milk  
And bought a long-tailed coat.

But then the fashion changed once moah,  
And bwrought a gwievous plight ;  
It changed from twousers that are loose  
To twousers that are tight.  
Then his foah cwackers he gave up,  
He just wenounced their use ;  
And changed to twousers that are tight  
Fwom twousers that are loose.

And then the narwow-toed style shoes  
To bwoad-toed changed instead ;  
Then he pwocured a bwoad-toed paih,  
And gave up eating bwead.

Just then the bwoad-bwimmed style of hat  
To narwow bwims gave way ;  
And so his twibulations gwew,  
Incweasing everwy day.  
But he pwocured a narwow bwim,  
Of verwy stylish set ;  
But bwave, bwave soul ! he had to dwop  
His pwecious cigawette.  
But now when his whole suit confohmed  
To fashion's wegulation,  
For lack of cwackers, milk, and bwead,  
He perwished of stahvation.

Thus in his owah of victowy,  
He passed on to his west —  
I weally nevah saw a cawpse  
So fashionably dwessed.  
My teahs above his well-dwessed clay  
Fell like the spwingtime wains ;  
My eyes had nevah wested on  
Such pwoppah dwessed wemains.

## A MODERN MARTYRDOM.

The ancient mawtahs — they were gwand

And glowious in their day;

But this bwave Montmowenci was

As gweat and gwand as they.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

**Sable.**

THE mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,  
And the former called the latter "Little Prig ;"  
Bun replied,  
" You are doubtless very big ;  
But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together,  
To make up a year  
And a sphere.  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my place.  
If I'm not so large as you,  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry.  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track ;  
Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON



**Old Grimes.**

OLD Grimes is dead ; that good old man  
We never shall see more :  
He used to wear a long, black coat,  
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true ;  
His hair was some inclined to gray —  
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,  
His breast with pity burn'd ;  
The large, round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all ;  
He knew no base design :  
His eyes were dark and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true :

His coat had pocket-holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes  
He pass'd securely o'er,  
And never wore a pair of boots  
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown :  
He wore a double-breasted vest —  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
And pay it its desert :  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse —  
Was sociable and gay :  
He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
He did not bring to view,  
Nor made a noise, town-meeting days,  
As many people do.

OLD GRIMES.

His worldly goods he never threw  
In trust to fortune's chances,  
But lived (as all his brothers do)  
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,  
His peaceful moments ran;  
And everybody said he was  
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

Robinson Crusoe.

THE night was thick and hazy  
When the *Piccadilly Daisy*  
Carried down the crew and Captain in the sea ;  
And I think the water drowned 'em,  
For they never, never found 'em,  
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh, 'twas very sad and lonely  
When I found myself the only  
Population on this cultivated shore ;  
But I've made a little tavern  
In a rocky little cavern,  
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking  
For a girl to do my cooking,  
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews ;  
But I had that fellow Friday  
Just to keep the tavern tidy,  
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden  
That I'm cultivating lard in,  
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry ;  
For I live on toasted lizards,  
Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,  
And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,  
And it made me fret and worry  
When I found the moths were eating off the hair ;  
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,  
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,  
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion  
In a family excursion  
With the few domestic animals you see ;  
And we take along a carrot  
As refreshments for the parrot,  
And a little cup of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel  
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,  
And we chip off little specimens of stone,  
And we carry home as prizes  
Funny bugs of handy sizes,  
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

If the roads are wet and muddy,  
We remain at home and study,  
For the Goat is very clever at a sum —  
And the Dog, instead of fighting,  
Studies ornamental writing,  
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,  
And we rise again at seven;  
And I wish to call attention, as I close,  
To the fact that all the scholars  
Are correct about their collars,  
And particular in turning out their toes.

CHARLES EDWARD CARRYL.

## CANDOR.

### Candor.<sup>1</sup>

OCTOBER — A WOOD.

“ I KNOW what you’re going to say,” she said,  
And she stood up looking uncommonly tall ;  
“ You are going to speak of the hectic Fall,  
And say you’re sorry the summer’s dead.  
And no other summer was like it, you know,  
And can I imagine what made it so ?  
Now aren’t you, honestly ? ” “ Yes,” I said.

“ I know what you’re going to say,” she said ;  
“ You are going to ask if I forget  
That day in June when the woods were wet,  
And you carried me ” — here she dropped her  
head —  
“ Over the creek ; you are going to say,  
Do I remember that horrid day.  
Now aren’t you, honestly ? ” “ Yes,” I said.

“ I know what you’re going to say,” she said ;  
“ You are going to say that since that time

<sup>1</sup> From “ The Poems of H. C. Bunner,” copyright 1884, 1892, 1896,  
by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

You have rather tended to run to rhyme,  
And "— her clear glance fell and her cheek grew  
red —

"And I have noticed your tone was queer? —  
Why, everybody has seen it here! —  
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;  
"You're going to say you've been much an-  
noyed,

And I'm short of tact — you will say devoid —  
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,  
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,  
And you'll have me anyway, just as I am,  
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

H. C. BUNNER.

*Too Much of It.*

*Judge.*

HIS engagement is ended at last,  
And the fact seems to ease him ;  
There was something to do with her past  
That did not at all please him.

That's no reason why we should infer  
There was anything wrong,  
But merely the truth as to her —  
That her past was too long.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

*He Came to Pay.*

(After "The Aged Stranger," by Bret Harte.)

THE editor sat with his head in his hands  
And his elbows at rest on his knees ;  
He was tired of the ever-increasing demands  
On his time, and he panted for ease.  
The clamor for copy was scorned with a sneer,  
And he sighed in the lowest of tones :  
" Won't somebody come with a dollar to cheer  
The heart of Emanuel Jones ? "

Just then on the stairway a footstep was heard  
And a rap-a-tap loud at the door,  
And the flickering hope that had been long deferred  
Blazed up like a beacon once more ;  
And there entered a man with a cynical smile  
That was fringed with a stubble of red,  
Who remarked, as he tilted a sorry old tile  
To the back of an average head :

" I have come here to pay " — Here the editor  
cried :

" You're as welcome as flowers in spring !

## HE CAME TO PAY.

Sit down in this easy armchair by my side,  
And excuse me awhile till I bring  
A lemonade dashed with a little old wine  
And a dozen cigars of the best. . . .  
Ah! Here we are! This, I assure you, is fine;  
Help yourself, most desirable guest."

The visitor drank with a relish, and smoked  
Till his face wore a satisfied glow,  
And the editor, beaming with merriment, joked  
In a joyous, spontaneous flow;  
And then, when the stock of refreshments was  
gone,  
His guest took occasion to say,  
In accents distorted somewhat by a yawn,  
"My errand up here is to pay —"

But the generous scribe, with a wave of his hand,  
Put a stop to the speech of his guest,  
And brought in a melon, the finest the land  
Ever bore on its generous breast;  
And the visitor, wearing a singular grin,  
Seized the heaviest half of the fruit,  
And the juice, as it ran in a stream from his chin,  
Washed the mud of the pike from his boot.

Then, mopping his face on a favorite sheet  
Which the scribe had laid carefully by,

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

The visitor lazily rose to his feet  
With the dreariest kind of a sigh,  
And he said, as the editor sought his address  
In his books to discover his due :  
“ I came here to pay — my respects to the press,  
And to borrow a dollar of you ! ”

PARMENAS MIX.

Afeared of a Gal.

O H, darn it all ! — afeared of her,  
And such a mite of a gal ;  
Why, two of her size rolled into one  
Won't ditto sister Sal !  
Her voice is sweet as the whippoorwill's,  
And the sunshine's in her hair ;  
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife,  
Or the grip of a grizzly bear.  
Yet Sal says, " Why, she's such a dear,  
She's just the one for you."  
Oh, darn it all ! — afeared of a gal,  
And me just six feet two !

Though she ain't any size, while I'm  
Considerable tall,  
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,  
She makes me feel so small.  
My face grows red, my tongue gets hitched ;  
The cussed thing won't go ;  
It riles me, 'cause it makes her think  
I'm most tarnation slow.

And though folks say she's sweet on me,  
I guess it can't be true.  
Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gal,  
And me just six feet two!

My sakes! just s'pose if what the folks  
Is saying should be so!  
Go, Cousin Jane, and speak to her,  
Find out and let me know;  
Tell her the gals should court the men,  
For isn't this leap-year?  
That's why I'm kind of bashful like,  
Awaiting for her here;  
And should she hear I'm scared of her,  
You'll swear it can't be true.  
Oh, darn it all! — afeared of a gal,  
And me just six feet two!

ANONYMOUS.

**Little Mamma.**

WHY is it the children don't love me  
As they do mamma?

That they put her ever above me —

“Little mamma?”

I'm sure I do all that I can do,

What more can a rather big man do,

Who can't be mamma —

Little mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,  
“Logomachy,” — which I detest, —  
Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or baseball,  
I'm always on hand at the call.

When Noah and the others embark,  
I'm the elephant saved in the ark.

I creep, and I climb, and I crawl —  
By turns am the animals all.

For the show on the stair

I'm always the bear,

The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

It is never, "Mamma, —  
*Little* mamma, —  
Won't you?"

My umbrella's the pony, if any —  
None ride on mamma's parasol :  
I'm supposed to have always the penny  
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.  
My room is the one where they clatter —  
Am I reading, or writing, what matter !  
My knee is the one for a trot,  
My foot is the stirrup for Dot.  
If his fractions get into a snarl  
Who straightens the tangles for Karl ?  
Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,  
And tries to bound flimsy old Spain ?  
Why,  
It is I,  
Papa, —  
Not little mamma !

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.  
I think they love me — in a way —  
As one does the old clock on the stair, —  
Any curious, cumbrous affair

## LITTLE MAMMA.

That one's used to having about,  
And would feel rather lonely without.  
I think that they love me, I say,  
In a sort of a tolerant way;  
    But it's plain that papa  
    Isn't little mamma.

Thus when shadows come stealing anear,  
And things in the firelight look queer;  
When shadows the play-room enwrap,  
They never climb into my lap  
And toy with *my* head, smooth and bare,  
As they do with mamma's shining hair;  
Nor feel round my throat and my chin  
For dimples to put fingers in;  
Nor lock my neck in a loving vise,  
And say they're "mousies" — that's mice —  
    And will nibble my ears,  
    Will nibble and bite  
With their little mice-teeth, so sharp and so  
    white,  
If I do not kiss them this very minute —  
Don't-wait-a-bit-but-at-once-begin-it —  
    Dear little papa!  
That's what they say and do to mamma.

If, mildly hinting, I quietly say that  
Kissing's a game that more can play at,  
They turn up at once those innocent eyes,  
And I suddenly learn to my great surprise  
That my face has "prickles" —  
My moustache tickles.

If, storming their camp, I seize a pert shaver,  
And take as a right what was asked as a favor,  
It is, "O papa,  
How horrid you are —  
You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout,  
And make a pretence of driving me out,  
I hold, after all, the main redoubt, —  
Not by force of arms nor the force of will,  
But the power of love, which is mightier still.  
And very deep in their hearts, I know,  
Under the saucy and petulant "oh,"  
The doubtful "yes," or the naughty "no,"  
They love papa.

And down in the heart that no one sees,  
Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,  
I know that I would not abate one jot  
Of the love that is held by my little Dot

## LITTLE MAMMA.

Or my great big boy for their little mamma,  
Though out in the cold it crowded papa.  
I would not abate it the tiniest whit,  
And I am not jealous the least little bit;  
For I'll tell you a secret: Come, my dears,  
And I'll whisper it — right-into-your-ears —  
I, too, love mamma,  
Little mamma!

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

Paradise.

A HINDOO LEGEND.

A HINDOO died — a happy thing to do  
When twenty years united to a shrew.  
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries  
Before the gates of Brahma's Paradise.  
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said :  
"I have been married." And he hung his head.  
"Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son !  
Marriage and Purgatory are as one."  
In bliss extreme he entered Heaven's door,  
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered in the Garden fair,  
Another Hindoo asked admission there.  
The self-same question Brahma asked again :  
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No — what  
then?"  
"Thou canst not enter!" did the God reply.  
"He that went in was no more there than I."

PARADISE.

"Yes, that is true, but he has married been,  
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."

"Married? 'Tis well; for I've been married  
*twice!*"

"Begone! We'll have no *fools* in Paradise!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

**Love in a Cottage.**

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,  
And bowers of trellised vine —  
Of nature bewitchingly simple,  
And milkmaids half divine ;  
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping  
In the shade of a spreading tree,  
And a walk in the fields at morning,  
By the side of a footstep free !

But give me a sly flirtation  
By the light of a chandelier —  
With music to play in the pauses,  
And nobody very near ;  
Or a seat on a silken sofa,  
With a glass of pure old wine,  
And mamma too blind to discover  
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,  
Your vine is a nest for flies —  
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,  
And simplicity talks of pies !

## LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

You lie down to your shady slumber  
And wake with a bug in your ear,  
And your damsel that walks in the morning  
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,  
And mightily likes his ease —  
And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
And starves beneath shady trees.  
His wing is the fan of a lady,  
His foot's an invisible thing,  
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel  
And shot from a silver string.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

Ⓐ Philosopher.

ZACK BUMSTEAD uster flosserfize  
About the ocean and the skies :  
An' gab an' gas f'um morn till noon  
About the other side the moon ;  
An' 'bout the natur of the place  
Ten miles be—end the end of space.  
An' if his wife she'd ask the crank  
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to yank  
Hisself out doors an' git some wood  
To make her kitchen fire good,  
So she c'd bake her beans an' pies,  
He'd say, " I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize  
About the natur an' the size  
Of angels' wings, an' think, and gawp,  
An' wonder how they made 'em flop.  
He'd calkerlate how long a skid  
'Twould take to move the sun, he did,  
An' if the skid was strong an' prime,  
It couldn't be moved to supper-time.

## A PHILOSOPHER.

An' w'en his wife 'ud ask the lout  
Ef he wouldn't kinder waltz about  
An' take a rag an' shoo the flies,  
He'd say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' then he'd set an' flosserfize  
'Bout schemes for fencing in the skies,  
Then lettin' out the lots to rent  
So's he could make an honest cent,  
An' ef he'd find it pooty tough  
To borry cash fer fencin' stuff?  
An' if 'twere best to take his wealth  
An' go to Europe for his health,  
Or save his cash till he'd enough  
To buy some more of fencin' stuff —  
Then, ef his wife she'd ask the gump  
Ef he wouldn't kinder try to hump  
Hisself to tother side the door  
So she c'd come an' sweep the floor,  
He'd look at her with mournful eyes,  
An' say, "I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize  
'Bout what it wuz held up the skies,

An' how God made this earthly ball  
 Jest simply out er nawthin' tall,  
 An' 'bout the natur, shape an' form  
 Of nawthin' that he made it from.  
 Then, ef his wife sh'd ask the freak  
 Ef he wouldn't kinder try to sneak  
 Out to the barn an' find some aigs,  
 He'd never move nor lift his laigs,  
 He'd never stir nor try to rise  
 But say, " I've gotter flosserfize."

An' so he'd set an' flosserfize  
 About the earth an' sea an' skies,  
 An' scratch his head an' ask the cause  
 Of w'at there waz before time waz,  
 An' w'at the universe 'ud do  
 Bimeby w'en time hed all got through;  
 An' jest how fur we'd have to climb  
 Ef we sh'd travel out er time,  
 An' ef we'd need w'en we got there  
 To keep our watches in repair.  
 Then, ef his wife she'd ask the gawk  
 Ef he wouldn't kinder try to walk  
 To where she had the table spread  
 An' kinder git his stomach fed,  
 He'd leap for that ar kitchen door  
 An' say, " W'y didn't you speak afore?"

A PHILOSOPHER.

An' when he'd got his supper et,  
He'd set, an' set, an' set, an' set,  
An' fold his arms an' shet his eyes,  
An' set, an' set, an' flosserfize.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

*Applied Mathematics.<sup>1</sup>*

"MY daughter," and his voice was stern,  
    "You must set this matter right;  
What time did the Sophomore leave,  
    Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,  
    And his love for it was great;  
He took his leave and went away  
    Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,  
    And her dimple deeper grew.  
"'Tis surely no sin to tell him that,  
    For a quarter of eight is two."

LEHIGH BURR.

<sup>1</sup> "Cap and Gown."

DISCOVERED.

*Discovered.<sup>1</sup>*

SEEN you down at chu'ch las' night —  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

What I mean? Oh, dat's all right —  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Oh, you's sma't ez sma't kin be,  
But you couldn't hide f'om me;  
Ain't I got two eyes to see?  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Guess you thought you's awful keen —  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;  
Evaht'ing you done I seen —  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;  
Seen him tek yo' ahm jes so,  
When you got outside de do' —  
Ah, I know dat man's yo' beau, —  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

Say now, honey, wha' 'd he say?  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy;

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, publishers of "Lyrics of Lowly Life," copyrighted 1896.

Keep yo' sec'uts — dat's yo' way —  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy ;  
Won't tell me, an' I'm yo' pal !  
I'm gwine to tell his othah gal —  
Know huh, too — huh name is Sal —  
Nevah min', Miss Lucy.

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

## THE POSTER-GIRL.

### *The Poster-girl.*

*Century Magazine.*

THE blessed Poster-girl leaned out  
From a pinky-purple heaven ;  
One eye was red and one was green ;  
Her bang was cut uneven ;  
She had three fingers on her hand,  
And the hairs on her head were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No sunflowers did adorn ;  
But a heavy Turkish portière  
Was very neatly worn ;  
And the hat that lay along her back  
Was yellow like canned corn.

It was a kind of wobbly wave  
That she was standing on,  
And high aloft she flung a scarf  
That must have weighed a ton ;  
And she was rather tall — at least  
She reached up to the sun.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

She curved and writhed, and then she said,  
Less green of speech than blue :  
“ Perhaps I *am* absurd — perhaps  
I *don't* appeal to you ;  
But my artistic worth depends  
Upon the point of view.”

I saw her smile, although her eyes  
Were only smudgy smears ;  
And then she swished her swirling arms,  
And wagged her gorgeous ears,  
She sobbed a blue-and-green-checked sob,  
And wept some purple tears.

CAROLYN WELLS.

*Uncle Sammy.*<sup>1</sup>

SOME men were born for great things,  
Some were born for small;  
Some — it is not recorded  
Why they were born at all;  
But Uncle Sammy was certain he had a legitimate  
call.

Some were born with a talent,  
Some with scrip and land;  
Some with a spoon of silver,  
And some with a different brand;  
But Uncle Sammy came holding an argument in  
each hand.

Arguments sprouted within him,  
And twinkled in his little eye;  
He lay and calmly debated  
When average babies cry,  
And seemed to be pondering gravely whether to live  
or to die.

<sup>1</sup> From "Farm Ballads." Copyright, 1873, by Harper & Brothers.

But prejudiced on that question  
He grew from day to day,  
And finally he concluded  
'Twas better for him to stay;  
And so into life's discussion he reasoned and reasoned  
his way.

Through childhood, through youth, into man-  
hood  
Argued and argued he;  
And he married a simple maiden,  
Though scarcely in love was she;  
But he reasoned the matter so clearly she hardly  
could help but agree.

And though at first she was blooming,  
And the new firm started strong,  
And though Uncle Sammy loved her,  
And tried to help her along,  
She faded away in silence, and 'twas evident some-  
thing was wrong.

Now Uncle Sammy was faithful,  
And various remedies tried;  
He gave her the doctor's prescriptions,  
And plenty of logic beside;  
But logic and medicine failed him, and so one day  
she died.

## UNCLE SAMMY.

He laid her away in the church-yard,  
So haggard and crushed and wan;  
And reared her a costly tombstone  
With all of her virtues on;  
And ought to have added, "A victim to arguments  
pro and con."

For many a year Uncle Sammy  
Fired away at his logical forte:  
Discussion was his occupation,  
And altercation his sport;  
He argued himself out of churches, he argued him-  
self into court.

But alas for his peace and quiet,  
One day, when he went it blind,  
And followed his singular fancy,  
And slighted his logical mind,  
And married a ponderous widow that wasn't of the  
arguing kind!

Her sentiments all were settled,  
Her habits were planted and grown,  
Her heart was a starved little creature  
That followed a will of her own;  
And she raised a high hand with Sammy, and pro-  
ceeded to play it alone.

Then Sammy he charged down upon her  
With all of his strength and his wit,  
And many a dextrous encounter,  
And many a fair shoulder-hit;  
But vain were his blows and his blowing: he never  
could budge her a bit.

He laid down his premises round her,  
He scraped at her with his saws;  
He rained great facts upon her,  
And read her the marriage laws,  
But the harder he tried to convince her, the harder  
and harder she was.

She brought home all her preachers,  
As many as ever she could —  
With sentiments terribly settled,  
And appetites horribly good —  
Who sat with him long at his table, and explained to  
him where he stood.

And Sammy was not long in learning  
To follow the swing of her gown,  
And came to be faithful in watching  
The phase of her smile and her frown;  
And she, with the heel of assertion, soon tramped all  
his arguments down.

## UNCLE SAMMY.

And so, with his life-aspirations  
Thus suddenly brought to a check —  
And so, with the foot of his victor  
Unceasingly pressing his neck —  
He wrote on his face, "I'm a victim," and drifted  
— a logical wreck.

And farmers, whom he had argued  
To corners tight and fast,  
Would wink at each other and chuckle,  
And grin at him as he passed,  
As to say, "My ambitious old fellow, your whiffle-  
tree's straightened at last."

Old Uncle Sammy one morning  
Lay down on his comfortless bed,  
And Death and he had a discussion,  
And Death came out ahead;  
And the fact that *she* failed to start him was only  
because he was dead.

The neighbors laid out their old neighbor,  
With homely but tenderest art;  
And some of the oldest ones faltered,  
And tearfully stood apart;  
For the crusty old man had often unguardedly shown  
them his heart.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

But on his face an expression  
Of quizzical study lay,  
As if he were sounding the angel  
Who travelled with him that day,  
And laying the pipes down slyly for an argument on  
the way.

And one new-fashioned old lady  
Felt called upon to suggest  
That the angel might take Uncle Sammy,  
And give him a good night's rest,  
And then introduce him to Solomon, and tell him to  
do his best.

WILL CARLETON.

*The Truth about Horace.*<sup>1</sup>

IT is very aggravating  
To hear the solemn prating  
Of the fossils who are stating  
That old Horace was a prude;  
When we know that with the ladies  
He was always raising Hades,  
And with many an escapade his  
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a  
Large number of his carmina,  
But these people find alarm in a  
Few records of his acts;  
So they'd squelch the muse caloric,  
And to students sophomoric  
They'd present as metaphoric  
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;  
Now we adjudge 'em crazy!

<sup>1</sup> From "A Little Book of Western Verse." Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Why, Horace was a daisy  
That was very much alive !  
And the wisest of us know him  
As his Lydia verses show him, —  
Go, read that virile poem, —  
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,  
And starting out to prow, sir,  
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,  
Until he filled his date ;  
With a massic-laden ditty  
And a classic maiden pretty,  
He painted up the city,  
And Mæcenas paid the freight !

EUGENE FIELD.

E. H. Starr



EUGENE FIELD



**Rev. Gabe Tucker's Remarks.**

YOU may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky  
plan

To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a  
man;

For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come  
across

A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss;

An', wukin' in de low-groun's, you diskiver, as you go,  
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a  
row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for  
heben

Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;  
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn  
chat,

And nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;  
Dat's foremost in the meetin'-house for raisin' all de  
chunes,

But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way  
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar  
dey stay ;  
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty  
high,  
An' de turkey buzzard sails above de eagle in de  
sky ;  
Dey ketches little minners in de middle of de sea,  
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de biggest kind  
o' tree !

ANONYMOUS.

'TIS EVER THUS.

**'Tis Ever Thus.**

*Century Magazine.*

**A**D Astra, De Profundis,  
Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;  
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,  
Spring, The Eumenides.

Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis,  
Waiting, Theocritus;  
Vanitas Vanitatum,  
My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,  
Sleep, Palingenesis;  
Salvini, Sursum Corda,  
At Mt. Desert, To Miss —.

These are part of the contents  
Of "Violets of Song,"  
The first poetic volume  
Of Susan Mary Strong.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

*An Echo from the 17th.*

WHO builds de railroads and canals,  
But furriners?  
Who helps across de street de gals,  
But furriners?

Who in de caucus has der say,  
Who does de votin' 'lection day,  
And who discovered U. S. A.,  
But furriners?

FRANK TOURTELLOT EASTON.

MARRY ME, DARLINT, TO-NIGHT.

## Marry Me, Darlint, To-night.

*Century Magazine.*

M<sup>E</sup> darlint, it's axin' they are  
That I goes to the wars to be kilt,  
An' come back wid an iligant shkar,  
An' a sabre hung on to a hilt.

They offers promotion to those  
Who die in definse of the right.  
I'll be off in the mornin' — suppose  
Ye marry me, darlint, to-night?

There's nothin' so raises a man  
In the eyes of the wurld as to fall  
Ferninst the ould flag, in the van,  
Pierced through wid a bit of a ball.

An' whin I am kilt ye can wear  
Some iligant crape on yir bonnet.  
Jist think how the women will shtare  
Wid invy whiniver ye don it!

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Oh, fwat a proud widdy ye'll be  
Whin they bring me carpse home,—  
not to mintion  
The fact we can live (don't ye see?)  
All the rest of our lives on me pinsion!  
W. W. FINK.

## OCTOBER.

### October.<sup>1</sup>

THIS is old gold-stoled October,  
In its glowing, flowing gown;  
And its spirit, blithe and sober,  
All the woodland's gay disrober,  
Turns the grasses gray and brown.  
Not a vestige  
Of the prestige  
Now remains of Summer's crown.

Through the wood the brooklet babbles  
In melodious unrest,  
While the small boy coyly dabbles  
In his neighbor's fruit, or scrabbles  
Barefoot, free of hat and vest,  
Like Terpsichore  
Up the hickory  
For the ashen hornet's nest.

Through the valley, gloom-invaded,  
Plaintively the cattails sigh,

<sup>1</sup> "The Acrobatic Muse."

While the shaded, jaded, faded  
Ribbon grasses, zephyr-braided,  
Are paraded far and nigh,  
And the vesper  
Hour sees Hesper  
Like a scarf pin deck the sky.

On the branch the leaf is curling  
Like the caudal of a pug,  
And a lilac mist's unfurling  
All the touchful scene impearling,  
While the humble tumblebug  
Gaily tumbles,  
Bumps and stumbles  
Round his glossy, mossy rug.

As the days are waxing duller,  
Ceres wanders by the weir,  
Ruddy as a homespun cruller —  
In the drifting, shifting color  
Sail her ringlets, gold and sere,  
While beguiling  
She is smiling —  
On the corn — from ear to ear.

RICHARD KENDALL MUNKITTRICK.

## The Jim-jam King of the Jou-jous.

AN ARABIAN LEGEND.

*Translated from the Arabic.*

FAR off in the waste of desert sand,  
The Jim-jam rules in the Jou-jou land :  
He sits on a throne of red-hot rocks,  
And moccasin snakes are his curling locks ;  
And the Jou-jous have the conniption fits  
In the far-off land where the Jim-jam sits —  
If things are nowadays as things were then.  
Allah il Allah ! Oo-aye ! Amen !

The country's so dry in Jou-jou land  
You could wet it down with Sahara sand,  
And over its boundaries the air  
Is hotter than 'tis — no matter where :  
A camel drops down completely tanned  
When he crosses the line into Jou-jou land —  
If things are nowadays as things were then.  
Allah il Allah ! Oo-aye ! Amen !

A traveller once got stuck in the sand  
On the fiery edge of Jou-jou land ;

The Jou-jous they confiscated him,  
 And the Jim-jam tore him limb from limb;  
 But, dying, he said: "If eaten I am,  
 I'll disagree with this Dam-jim-jam!  
 He'll think his stomach's a Hoodoo's den!"  
 Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

Then the Jim-jam felt so bad inside,  
 It just about humbled his royal pride.  
 He decided to physic himself with sand,  
 And throw up his job in the Jou-jou land.  
 He descended his throne of red-hot rocks,  
 And hired a barber to cut his locks:  
 The barber died of the got-'em-again.  
 Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

And now let every good Mussulman  
 Get all the good from this tale he can.  
 If you wander off on a Jamboree,  
 Across the stretch of the desert sea,  
 Look out that right at the height of your  
     booze  
 You don't get caught by the Jou-jou-jous!  
 You may, for the Jim-jam's at it again.  
 Allah il Allah! Oo-aye! Amen!

ALARIC BERTRAND START.

*Ballad of the Mermaid.*

DER noble Ritter Hugo  
Von Schwillensaufenstein,  
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,  
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer maid,  
Vot hadn't got nodings on,  
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,  
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood  
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,  
Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus,  
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on :  
"I don't dink mooch of beoplesh  
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,  
Where deres heaps of dings to see,  
Und hafe a shplendid tinner  
Und drafel along mit me.

“Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin’,  
Und you catches dem efery one :”  
So sang dis wasser maiden  
Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

“Dere ish drunks all full mit money  
In ships dat vent down of old ;  
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !  
To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

“Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !  
Shoost see dese diamant rings !  
Coom down und full your bockets,  
Und I’ll giss you like avery dings.

“Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und  
lager ?  
Coom down into der Rhine !  
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne  
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !”

*Dat* fetched him — he shtood all shpell  
pound ;  
She pooled his coat-tails down,  
She drewed him oonder der wasser,  
De maidens mit nodings on.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

*Mine Moder-in-law.*

DERE vas many qveer dings in dis land off  
der free

I neffer could qvite understand ;  
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me  
As dhose in mine own faderland.  
Dhey gets blenty droubles, und indo mishaps  
Mitoudt der least bit of a cause ;  
Und vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yangee  
chaps,  
Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws?

Shust dink off a vwhite man so vicked as dot !  
Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show ?  
Who vas it gets oup, ven der nighdt id vas hot,  
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know ?  
Und dhen in der vinter vhen Katrine vas sick  
Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,  
Who made rightd avay oup dot fire so qvick ?  
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's righdts vellers I  
been  
Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboutd me ;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,  
Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.

Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some  
dricks

(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw !)

Ef she goes for dot chap like some dousand off  
bricks,

Dot's all righdt ! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas always der same,

Dot vomen vos boss off der house ;

Budt, dhen, neffer mindt ! I vos glad dot she  
came,

She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.

Und ven dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring

Und firewood to shplit oup und saw

She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding

Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

### Dot Long-Handled Dipper.

DER boet may sing off "Der Oldt Oaken Bookit,"  
 Und in schveetest langvitch its virtues may tell;  
 Und how, when a poy, he mit eggdsasy dook it,  
 When dripping mit coolness it rose vrom der vell.  
 I don'd take some schtock in dot manner off trinking!  
 It vas too mooch like horses und cattle, I dink.  
 Dhere vas more sadisfactions, in my vay off dinking,  
 Mit dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

"How schveet vrom der green mossy brim to receive  
 it" —

Dot vould soundt pooty goot — eef it only vas true —  
 Der vater schbills ofer, you petter pelieve it!  
 Und runs down your schleeve, und schlops into your  
 shoe.

Dhen down on your nose comes dot oldt iron handle,  
 Und makes your eyes vater so gvick as a vink.  
 I dells you dot bookit it don'd hold a candle  
 To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

How nice it musd been in der rough vinter veddher,  
 When it settles rightd down to a coldt, freezing rain,

To haf dot rope coom oup so light as a feddher,  
 Und findt dot der bookit vas proke off der chain,  
 Dhen down in der vell mit a pole you go fishing,  
 While indo your back cooms an oldt-fashioned kink;  
 I pet you mine life all der time you vas vishing  
 For dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der  
 sink.

How handy it vas schust to turn on der faucet,  
 Where der vater flows down vrom der schpring on der  
 hill!

I schust vas der schap dot vill always indorse it  
 Oxspecially nighdts vhen der veddher vas chill.  
 Vhen Pfeiffer's oldt vell mit der schnow was all  
 cofered,  
 Und he vades droo der schnow-drifts to get him a  
 trink,  
 I schlips vrom der hearth, vhere der schiltren vas  
 hofered,  
 To dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

Dhen gife oup der bookits und pails to der horses;  
 Off mikerobes und tadpoles schust gife dhem dheir  
 fill!

Gife me dot pure vater dot all der time courses  
 Droo dhose pipes dot run down vrom der schpring  
 on der hill.

DOT LONG - HANDLED DIPPER.

Und eef der goot dings off dis vorld I gets rich in,  
Und frendts all aroundt me dheir glasses schall clink,  
I schtill vill rememper dot oldt coundtry kitchen,  
Und dot long-handled dipper, dot hangs py der sink.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

**A Fair Exchange.**

*Judge.*

**H**IS heart a maiden robbed him of ;  
So he, in sorest grief,  
Brought action in the Court of Love  
To prosecute the thief.

And Angels twelve, nor less nor more,  
Were summoned, heavenly dears,  
For she was to be tried before  
A Jury of her peers.

The case was called, and it was proved,  
Ere many words were said,  
When she the Plaintiff's heart removed  
She left her own instead.

"Not guilty !" thus the verdict stands,  
"A fair exchange he got."  
Judge Love, agreeing, joined their hands  
And wed them on the spot.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE

Bessie Brown, M. D.

'T WAS April when she came to town ;  
The birds had come, the bees were  
swarming.

Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown :

I saw at once that she was charming.  
She took a cottage tinted green,  
Where dewy roses loved to mingle ;  
And on the door, next day, was seen  
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath ;  
Her hat was darker, to enhance it.  
The violet eyes that glowed beneath  
Were brighter than her keenest lancet.  
The beauties of her glove and gown  
The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.  
Ere she had been a day in town  
The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,  
And swore they never saw such wee things ;

The gossips met in purring bands  
 And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.  
 The former drank the Doctor's health  
 With clinking cups, the gay carousers ;  
 The latter watched her door by stealth,  
 Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way  
 Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,  
 And drove her buggy every day  
 Behind a dashing pair of ponies.  
 Her flower-like face so bright she bore  
 I hoped that time might never wilt her.  
 The way she tripped across the floor  
 Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street ;  
 Her snowy slate was always quite full.  
 Some said her bitters tasted sweet,  
 And some pronounced her pills delightful.  
 'Twas strange — I knew not what it meant —  
 She seemed a nymph from Eldorado ;  
 Where'er she came, where'er she went,  
 Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest I, too, grew ill ;  
 My aching heart there was no quelling.

I tremble at my doctor's bill, —  
And lo ! the items still are swelling.  
The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear !  
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,  
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,  
Unless — I wed the Doctor !  
SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

*A Song of Degrees.*

*Century Magazine.*

10.

**H**E. It isn't polite to call them fools,  
But I do wish girls wouldn't meddle  
with tools !

I had to lend them, she begged me so,  
And just see here what a state they're in.  
She reamed a hole with the scoop, you know,  
And took the reamer to cut a pin.  
And she's went and knocked the head off the  
hammer —

(I don't care a cent if that isn't grammar !)

**S**HE. Of all the troublesome creatures, boys  
Are the troublesomest, and fullest of noise !  
I lent them my work-box to make a sail ;  
I had to, or else there'd have been a fuss,  
And I'd sooner have lent it to a — whale !  
Everything's tangled, and all in a muss.  
And now they say, if a girl wasn't "dumb,"  
She'd wear her thimble upon her thumb !

## A SONG OF DEGREES.

20.

HE. Ah, not with those dear little hands —  
so white,  
So sweetly helpless; it isn't right!  
Give me the hammer, and let me, please!  
Oh, yes! you were doing it bravely, love,  
But I can't sit here in selfish ease,  
And see you driving a nail, my dove.  
If you think that I could, you do me wrong;  
Your hands are so weak, and mine so strong.

SHE. Give me your gauntlet, Sir Knight —  
your glove,  
I'd call it, if I were not in love!  
You're graceful, whatever you do, you know,  
But what sort of *fiancée* should I be,  
If I even let you try to sew?  
I will mend it neatly — you shall see.  
I do love sewing; and you too, dear.  
Now, do not be foolish — give it here!

30.

HE. It is more than a man can well endure!  
If I've mentioned this button once, I'm sure  
I've mentioned it twenty times, and yet  
I couldn't induce you to sew it on.

It's no excuse to say you forget !  
It hung by a thread, and now it's **gone**.  
Just reach me the button-box off the shelf —  
I'll be hanged if I don't sew it on myself !

SHE. The lock of the pantry-door is broken,  
And this is the fiftieth time I've spoken !  
There's a handle off this bureau-drawer,  
And here's that chair that you said you'd  
mend.

I will not speak of them any more ;  
It's always so, I find, in the end.  
I'll do them myself — oh, you may scoff,  
But I will, if I pound my fingers off !

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

*Dollie.*

SHE sports a witching gown,  
With a ruffle up and down  
On the skirt;  
She is gentle, she is shy,  
But there's mischief in her eye, —  
She's a flirt !

She displays a tiny glove,  
And a dainty little love  
Of a shoe ;  
And she wears her hat a-tilt  
Over bangs that never wilt  
In the dew.

'Tis rumored chocolate creams  
Are the fabrics of her dreams —  
But enough !  
I know beyond a doubt  
That she carries them about  
In her muff.

With her dimples and her curls  
She exasperates the girls  
    Past belief :  
They hint that she's a cat,  
And delightful things like that,  
    In their grief.

It is shocking, I declare !  
But what does Dollie care  
    When the beaux  
Come flocking to her feet  
Like the bees around a sweet  
    Little rose !

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

When Greek Meets Greek.

THEN his hand he placed, as ever,  
    On his heart,  
And swore from her he'd never,  
    Never part.  
Well he knew, that Boston drummer,  
How sly Cupid had, all summer,  
Dogged his steps, the little bummer !  
    With his dart.

Quickly Cupid caught the notion,  
    Wily Greek !  
Deftly made his arrow's motion  
    More oblique.  
Thought, " Dost shield a spot so oaken ?  
At thy *head* shall fly my token " —  
In a trice its point was broken  
    On his cheek.

ANONYMOUS.

*What Will We Do?*

WHAT will we do when the good days come?  
When the prima donna's lips are dumb;  
And the man who reads us his "little things"  
Has lost his voice like the girl who sings;  
When stilled is the breath of the cornet man,  
And the shrilling chords of the quartette clan;  
When our neighbor's children have lost their drums,  
Oh, what will we do when the good time comes?

Oh, what will we do in that good, blithe time,  
When the tramp will work — oh, thing sublime!  
And the scornful dame who stands on your feet  
Will "Thank you, sir," for the proffered seat;  
And the man you hire to work by the day,  
Will allow you to do his work your way;  
And the cook who trieth your appetite  
Will steal no more than she thinks is right;  
When the boy you hire will call you "Sir,"  
Instead of "Say" and "Guverner;"  
When the funny man is humorsome —  
How can we stand the millennium?

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

LOT SKINNER'S ELEGY.

*Lot Skinner's Elegy.*

LOT SKINNER was the meanest man  
That ever saved his neck ;  
He grudged the very breath he drew,  
As if it were a check.

When he was in the grocer line,  
And turning fruit to gold,  
He'd bite a raisin straight in halves  
To make the weight he sold.

Day in and out, through heat and cold,  
For thirty years or more,  
He well observed the copper-mean,  
And — something blessed his store.

He never gave a dime away,  
He never lost a pin ;  
A ninepence saved rejoiced him more  
Than taking ninepence in.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

Of counterfeited bills he used  
The best of every kind,  
Which in the way of trade he kept,  
To swap off on the blind.

The poor came round his counter's edge,  
And raised a feeble cry :  
" Don't speak so loud," the rogue exclaimed,  
" For I am always nigh."

" 'Tis little things that make a pile," —  
(This maxim he could trust.)  
So, when he sawed his pile of wood,  
He always saved the dust.

He had but one book in the house,  
And *that* he never read !  
'Twas called " Economy of Life," —  
And did him good, he said.

He welcomed in the rising moon, —  
'Twas such a cheerful sight ;  
For then he'd blow the candle out,  
And use the gratis light.

LOT SKINNER'S ELEGY.

He liked in other people's pews  
To settle meekly down,  
And steal his preaching, here and there,  
By sneaking round the town.

Sometimes we saw a greenish smile  
Coil up his bony face :  
'Twas when the parson chose a theme  
That spoke of *saving* grace.

At last it cost so much to live, —  
(Per day some twenty cents,)  
" I won't stand this ! " he inly groaned,  
And died to save expense.

Now, having gone where all his means  
Are shut up in a box,  
He cannot lift that heavy lid  
The careful sexton locks.

Adieu ! thou scrap of lifeless clay !  
Thou pale-ink human blot !  
This line shall be thine epitaph, —  
" *An unproductive Lot !* "

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

*A Lober without Arms.*

A CAPTAIN went to Gettysburg  
And plunged into the fray,  
And while he led his brave command  
Both arms were shot away.

This Captain's name was Peter Field,  
And he was tall and stout ;  
But when he found himself disarmed  
His courage " petered out."

Now Peter, at a country fair,  
A fair young maid had met ;  
While in the hospital he sat,  
His heart on her was set.

Poor Peter mourned his sorry loss,  
Which nothing could replace ;  
He wanted much a brace of arms,  
His maiden to embrace.

While Peter Field was sorely maimed,  
And far down in the dumps,

## A LOVER WITHOUT ARMS.

She took occasion to declare  
She'd take him with his stumps.

This manly offer made him weep,  
He was almost unmanned ;  
He told her she could have his heart,  
But couldn't have his hand.

His hand this maiden could not get,  
For he was incomplete ;  
And so this feat she did perform,  
She took his heart and feet.

Some lovers say, " Come to my arms ! "  
And quick the maiden jumps ;  
But Peter changed the phrase and said,  
" Come, darling, to my stumps ! "

Long time did Peter long to wed  
His true and faithful mate ;  
The lovers felt a weight of woe  
Because compelled to wait.

The Captain had no stocks or bonds,  
No houses and no lands ;  
And, without arms, he could not take  
A wife upon his hands.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

For keeping books he had a taste,  
Yet had to shun the pen ;  
But if a pension could be had,  
He would get married then.

The pension came, the wedding too,  
His fortunes to retrieve ;  
“ Please join your hands,” the parson said,  
But Peter joined his sleeve.

Now Peter's joy is quite complete,  
And peaceful is his life ;  
While marriage was a happy stroke,  
He never strikes his wife.

HENRY DAVENPORT.

## ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

### *Elder Lamb's Donation.<sup>1</sup>*

GOOD old Elder Lamb had labored for a thousand  
nights and days,  
And had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude  
of ways ;  
Had received a message daily over Faith's celestial  
wire,  
And had kept his little chapel full of flames of  
heavenly fire ;  
He had raised a numerous family, straight and sturdy  
as he could,  
And his boys were all considered as unnaturally good ;  
And his " slender sal'ry " kept him till went forth the  
proclamation —  
" We will pay him up this season with a gen'rous,  
large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn  
upon the ear, —  
Straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year ;  
And they strewed him with potatoes of inconsequen-  
tial size,

<sup>1</sup> From " City Festivals," Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And some onions whose completeness drew the  
moisture from his eyes;  
And some cider — more like water, in an inventory  
strict —  
And some apples, pears and peaches, that the autumn  
gales had picked;  
And some strings of dried-up-apples — mummies of  
the fruit creation —  
Came to swell the doleful census of old Elder Lamb's  
Donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the pumpkin's  
cheerful cheek,  
Likewise beans enough to furnish half of Boston for  
a week;  
And some butter that was worthy to have Samson  
for a foe,  
And some eggs whose inner-nature held the legend  
— "Long Ago;"  
And some stove-wood, green and crooked, on his  
flower-beds was laid,  
Fit to furnish fire departments with the most sub-  
stantial aid.  
All things unappreciated found this night their true  
vocation  
In the Museum of Relics, known as Elder Lamb's  
Donation.

## ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

There were biscuits whose material was their own  
secure defence;  
There were sauces whose acuteness bore the sad  
pluperfect tense;  
There were jellies undissected, there were mystery-  
laden pies;  
There was bread that long had waited for the signal  
to arise.  
There were cookies tasting clearly of the drear and  
musty past;  
There were doughnuts that in justice 'mongst the  
metals might be classed;  
There were chickens, geese and turkeys, that had  
long been on probation,  
Now received in full connection at old Elder Lamb's  
Donation.

Then they gave his wife a wrapper made for some  
one not so tall,  
And they brought him twenty slippers, every pair of  
which was small;  
And they covered him with sack-cloth, as it were, in  
various bits,  
And they clothed his helpless children in a wardrobe  
of misfits;  
And they trimmed his house with "Welcome," and  
some bric-a-bracish trash,

## AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And one absent-minded brother brought five dollars  
all in cash !  
Which the good old pastor handled with a thrill of  
exultation,  
Wishing that in filthy lucre might have come his  
whole donation.

Morning came at last, in splendor ; but the Elder,  
wrapped in gloom,  
Knelt amid decaying produce and the ruins of his  
home ;  
And his piety had never till that morning been so  
bright :  
For he prayed for those who brought him to that  
unexpected plight.  
But some worldly thoughts intruded ; for he won-  
dered o'er and o'er  
If they'd buy that day at auction, what they gave the  
night before ;  
And his fervent prayer concluded with the natural  
exclamation :  
" Take me to Thyself in mercy, Lord, before my  
next donation ! "

WILL CARLETON.

*In Æsop's Vein.*

S AID the Grocer's Scale to the Orange-peel :

“ It would pleasure me much to know, sir,  
What you are doing.” Quoth the Peel :

“ I'm lying in wait for the Grocer.”

“ Our weighs are alike,” the Scale replies,

“ For, strangely as it appears,  
To tell the truth (though speaking of lies),  
I've been doing the same for years !”

WILLIAM HOWARD MITCHELL.

*The New Church Organ.<sup>1</sup>*

THEY'VE got a brand-new organ, Sue,  
For all their fuss and search ;  
They've done just as they said they'd do,  
And fetched it into church.  
They're bound the critter shall be seen,  
And on the preacher's right  
They've hoisted up their new machine  
In everybody's sight.  
They've got a chorister and choir,  
Ag'in' *my* voice and vote ;  
For it was never *my* desire  
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true  
For five-an'-thirty year ;  
I've done what seemed my part to do,  
An' prayed my duty clear ;  
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,  
Just as the preacher read,  
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,  
I took the fork an' led ;

<sup>1</sup> From "Farm Ballads," Copyright, 1873, by Harper & Brothers.

## THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

And now, their bold, new-fangled ways  
Is comin' all about ;  
And I, right in my latter days,  
Am fairly crowded out !

To-day the preacher, good old dear,  
With tears all in his eyes,  
Read, " I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies."  
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn —  
I s'pose I al'ays will —  
It somehow gratifies *my* whim,  
In good old Ortonville ;  
But when that choir got up to sing,  
I couldn't catch a word ;  
They sung the most dog-gondest thing  
A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near ;  
An' when I see them grin,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And boldly waded in.  
I thought I'd chase their tune along,  
An' tried with all my might ;  
But though my voice is good an' strong,  
I couldn't steer it right

When they was high, then I was low,  
An' also contrawise ;  
An' I too fast, or they too slow,  
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,  
They play a little tune ;  
I didn't understand, and so  
I started in too soon.  
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,  
I fetched a lusty tone,  
But oh, alas ! I found that I  
Was singin' there alone !  
They laughed a little, I am told ;  
But I had done my best ;  
And not a wave of trouble rolled  
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown — I could but look —  
She sits right front of me ;  
She never was no singin'-book,  
An' never went to be ;  
But then she al'ays tried to do  
The best she could, she said ;  
She understood the time right through,  
An' kep' it with her head ;

But when she tried this mornin', oh,  
I had to laugh, or cough!  
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,  
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs — he all broke down,  
As one might well suppose;  
He took one look at Sister Brown,  
And meekly scratched his nose.  
He looked his hymn-book through and  
through,  
And laid it on the seat,  
And then a pensive sigh he drew,  
And looked completely beat.  
And when they took another bout,  
He didn't even rise;  
But drew his red bandanner out,  
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,  
For five-an'-thirty year;  
I've done what seemed my part to do,  
An' prayed my duty clear;  
But Death will stop my voice, I know,  
For he is on my track;  
And some day I to church will go,  
And never more come back;

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR.

And when the folks gets up to sing —  
    Whene'er that time shall be —  
I do not want no *patent* thing  
    A-squealin' over me !

WILL CARLETON.

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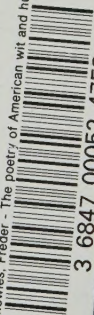


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